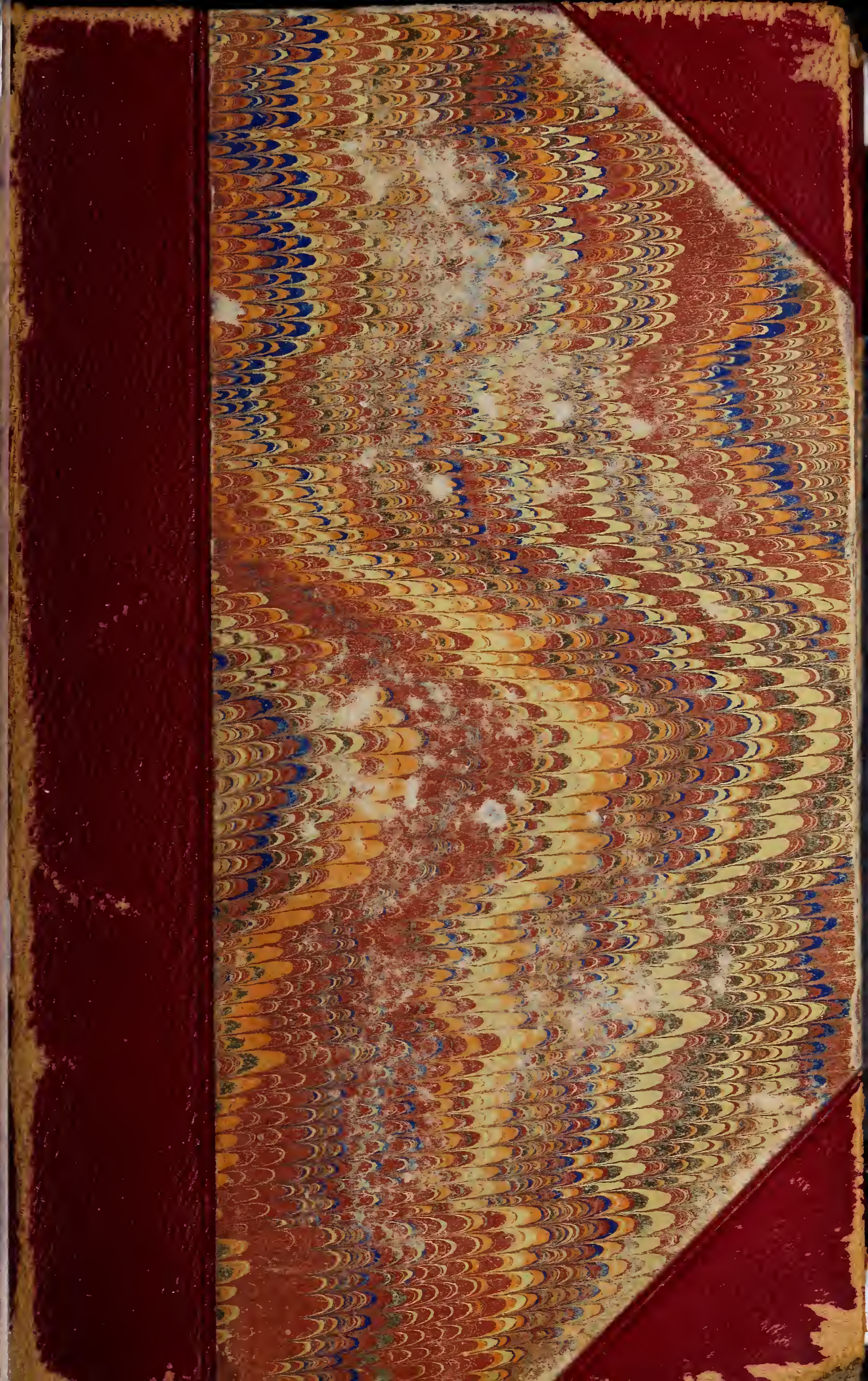
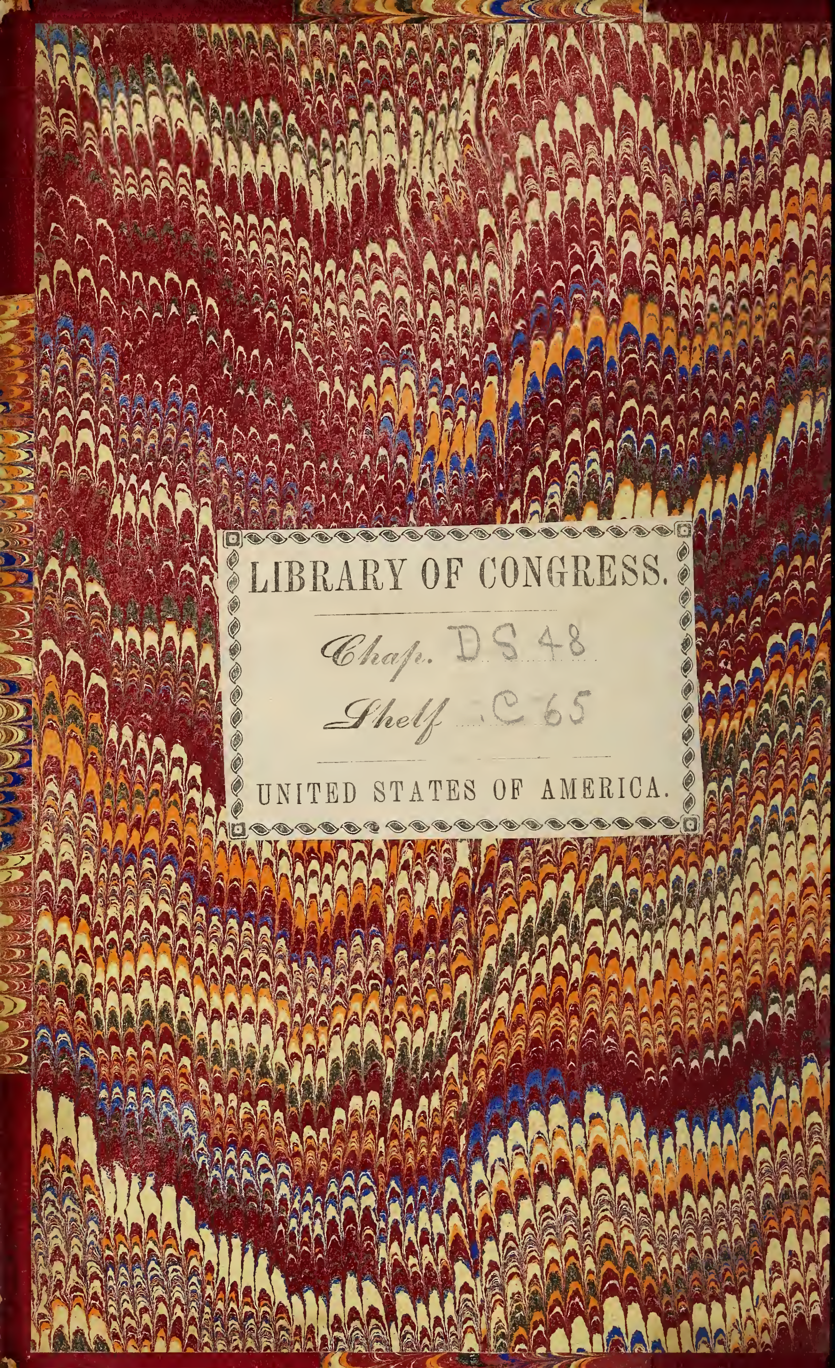
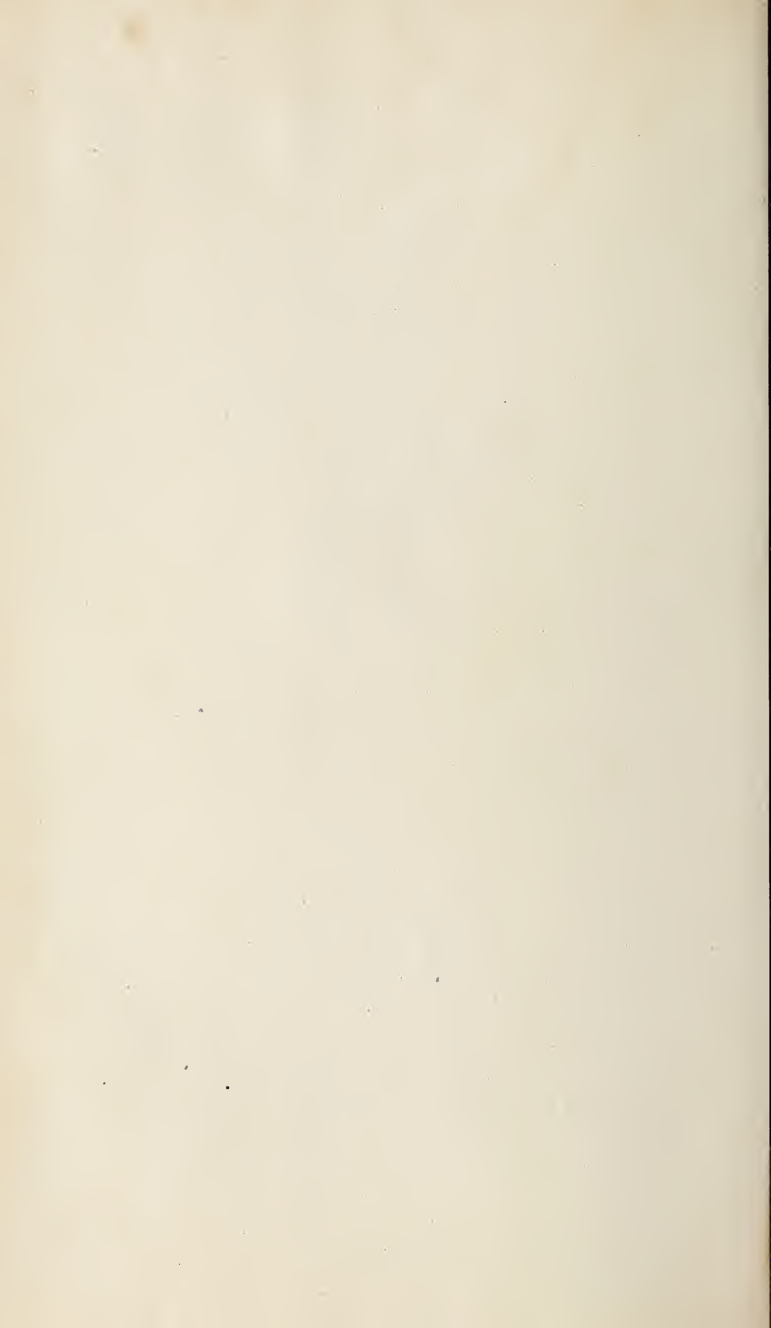
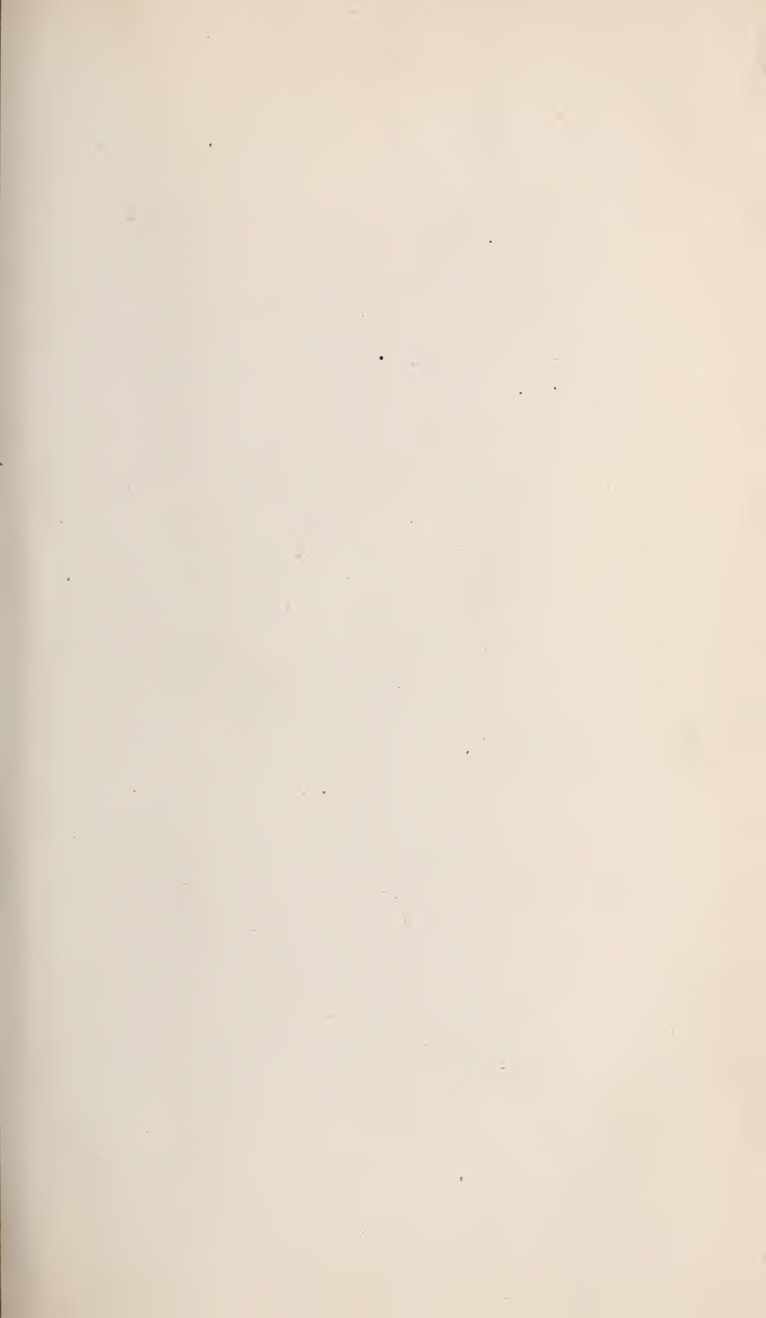
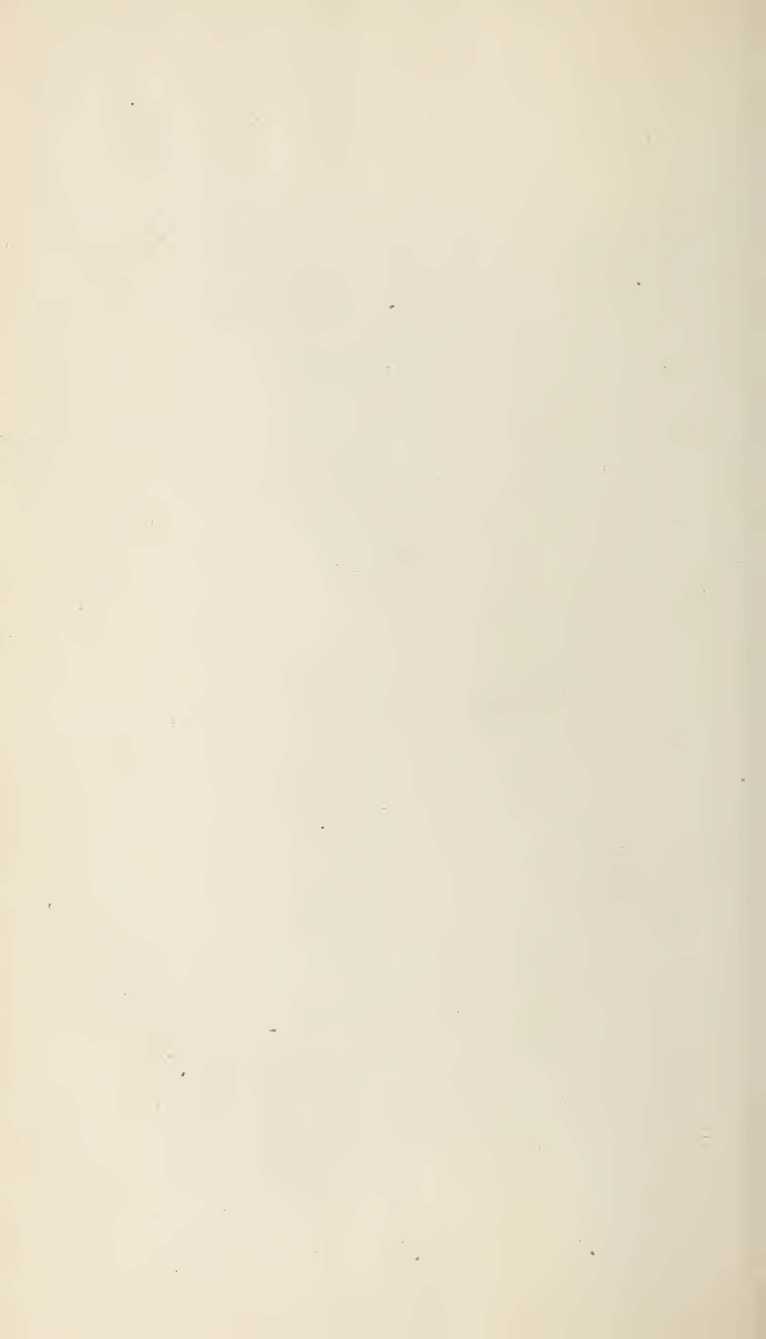


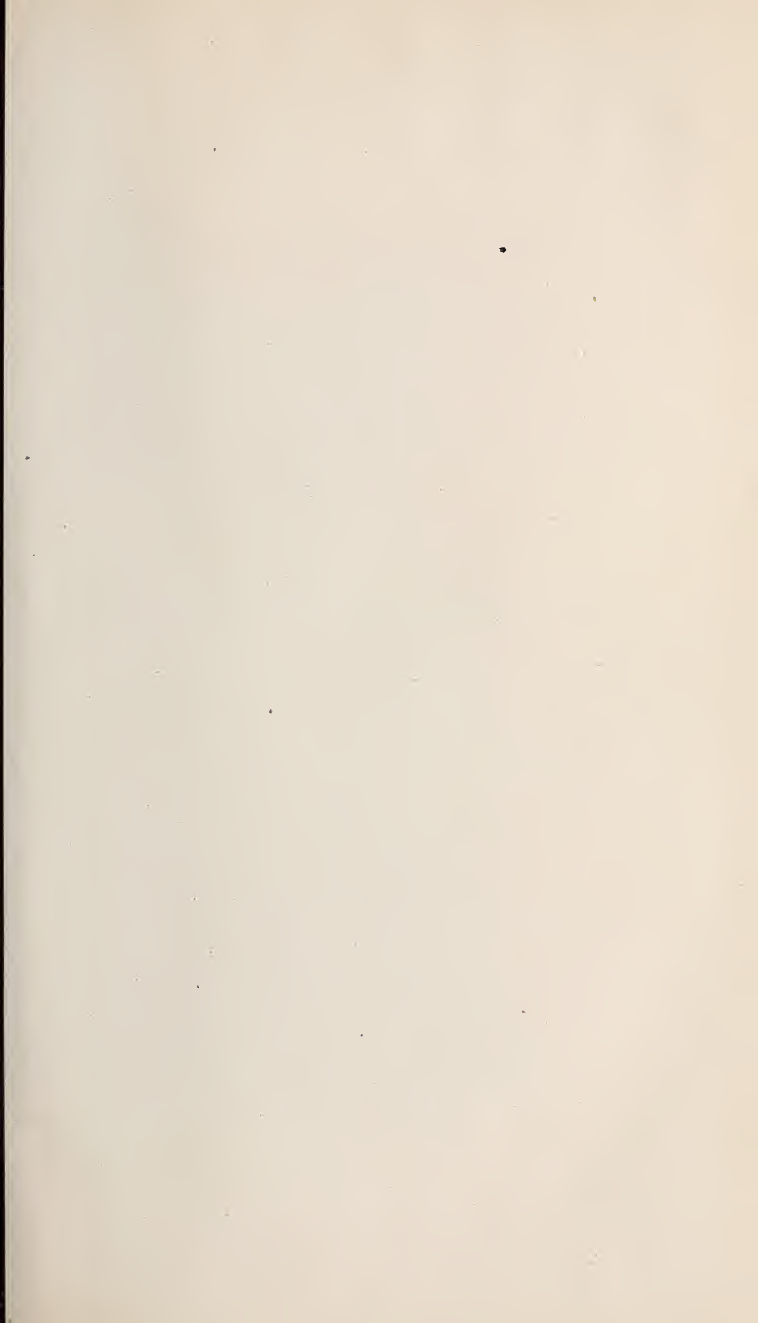

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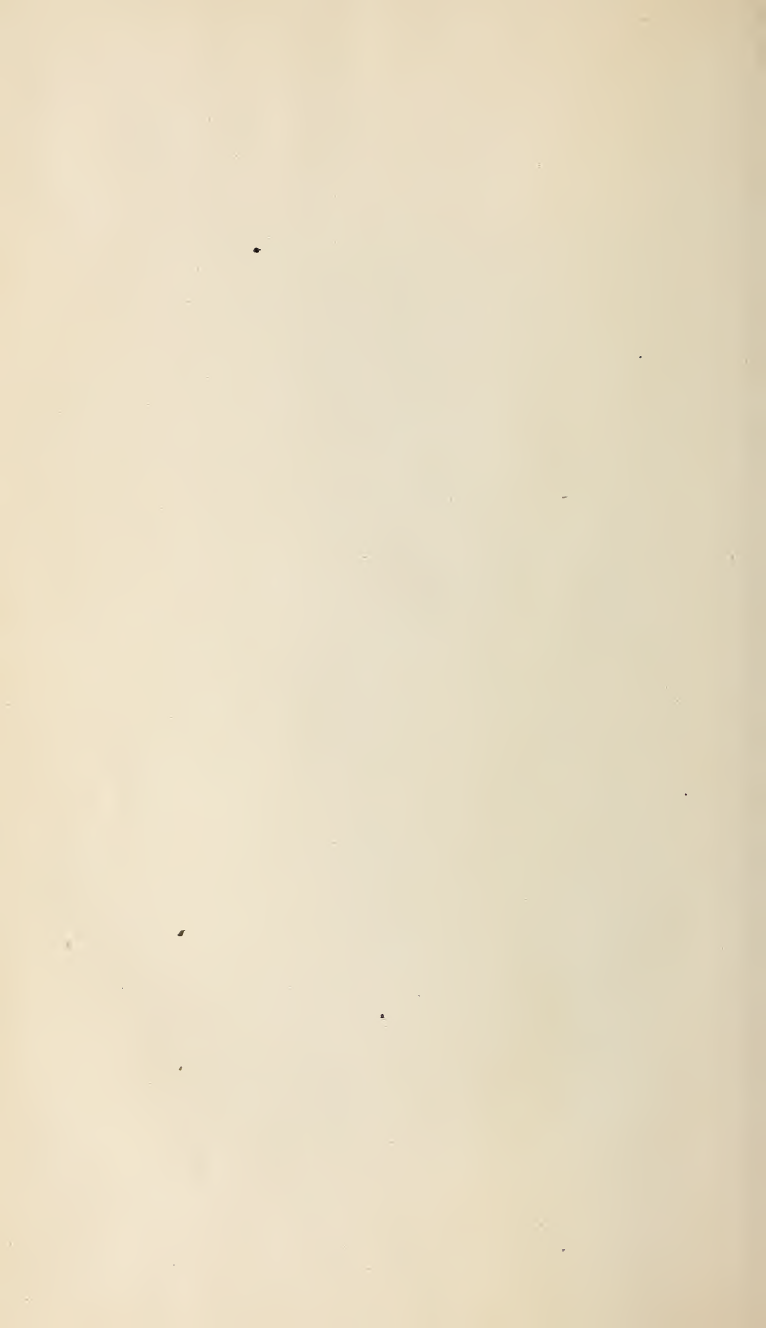












THE CITIES OF THE PAST.

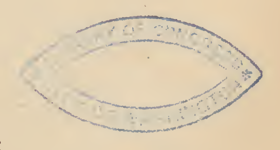


THE

CITIES OF THE PAST.

BY

FRANCES POWER COBBE.



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CONTENTS.



PREFACE.

The present volume contains a series of sketches recording the author's *impressions de voyage* during a solitary pilgrimage to the East. Originally published in *Fraser's Magazine,* they have been collected and reprinted in the hope that, however familiar to us may have become "The Cities of the Past," the interest can never be wholly exhausted which lingers around Baalbec and Athens, Rome, Cairo, and Jerusalem.

Florence, *December,* 1863.



THE CITIES OF THE PAST.

THE CITY OF THE SUN.

Many of us have learned in our day how good it is to turn our steps out of this crowded, dusty Europe, far away to the calm old lands of the East. *Here*, indeed, is our real life in the great throbbing heart of the world; here in our own England, where the cloud rests over the "million-peopled city," fitly as over the battle-field of humanity. Here are our cares, our labours, our soaring, struggling hopes, our keen, sharp joys, our solemn duties. 'Tis a poor choice to give up England in our manhood, and abandon for ever all its purpose and its noble strife for the lotos-eater life of the South. At this hour, when every voice and every arm are needed to grapple with error, and want, and sin—when it is not one course only of effort which we would pursue, but a hundred lives of labour we would fain be allowed to live at once, if so we might do somewhat for the Right and the True,—it is, I say, a pitiful thing to quit the field and wander away to dream, and gaze, and ponder; and live, as perhaps man may have earned the right to live in centuries to come, when Giant Despair and Giant Sin are dead, and "righteousness and peace shall kiss

each other." Yet even now, *for a time*, for a passing experience, there is nothing better for us than to cool our fevered lips in the waters of old Nile, and wash our wearied eyes in Jordan. We see this life in a new aspect from that different world, and we return to it with other thoughts. The baser part of its ambitions, the cumbrous paraphernalia of its luxuries and its forms, look poor, and childish, and vulgar, when we remember them as we sit under the shadows of ruined empires, or learn in the free life of tents with how few and how simple things can all our multitudinous wants be supplied. A voyage to the East from Europe is like escaping from some noisy, contentious assembly, with its glaring gaslights and suffocating air, and finding ourselves suddenly in the cool fresh summer morning, with the soft mists still lying around us, and Lucifer yet shining serenely in the pale blue sky. *Das Morgenland* it is, in very truth; and the morning of our own lives comes back to us there in the same mysterious way as when we hear the half-remembered notes of our mother's songs, or, burying our faces in the moss and grass, inhale "the field-smells known in infancy."

There is no possibility of conveying such impressions as these in written words or painted landscapes. The inspiration evaporates as in a translated poem; so far as it can be done, many beautiful books have already accomplished it. After *Eothen*, and *The Crescent and the Cross*, and *Eastern Life*, who needs further description of Syria and Egypt? Let the reader exculpate me from any such presumption as the attempt to supply a better representation than these. Only as we are

told that no landscape has ever been twice beheld alike by mortal eyes, but that grass and trees, and sunlight and shifting clouds, are for ever varying the scene, so I would offer one more glance at those bright lands reflected in another human soul. He who cannot himself wander

> To a region far away,
> On from island unto island, at the gateways of the day,

may be content to spend an hour, in *thought*, at least, in the "shining Orient" with one companion more. Be the ride over old Lebanon dull or otherwise, he will return from it all the fresher to England.

In the course of a somewhat adventurous solitary pilgrimage to the East, I found myself three years ago in the singular locanda, a mile from Beyrouth, whose beauty of situation is so vividly depicted by poor Eliot Warburton. I had landed at this point from Jaffa, after a visit to Palestine, hoping to find some party of travellers proceeding to Baalbec and willing to admit me into their caravan. Rarely does an Englishwoman fail in any corner of the world to find her countrymen and women obeying the instincts of their Viking ancestors, and going up and down upon the earth like another "roaring lion" beside the British king of beasts! We ask an Italian, or a French or German woman, whom we meet by chance straying from the "fatherland" into some neighbouring country, "Does Madame travel for health or pleasure?" We ask an English lady by her own fireside, "What on earth keeps you at home this year?" It is almost too much, this Anglicizing of the world. Under the vast shade of Cheops, as I

rode up in solemn thought, it was startling to be addressed by some kindly unknown compatriot, "Would you like to join our lunch, ma'am? Here is some capital Bass's ale!" Reclining in our tent in Hebron, within a few stones'-throw of the grave of Abraham, it was mortifying to find our Druse dragoman serve our evening meal on *willow-pattern* plates! But, for all the absurd associations such nationalities produce, I envy not him who could make a great journey in our day, and not come back proud and thankful to belong to our Saxon race. The trust in our word, the respect for our courage (assumed even in a woman), the belief in the steadfastness of our resolution, is something that does one good to meet. I know not that I did not like, as much as any compliment I ever heard, the remark of a poor Italian cameriéra, "Si dice sémpre, 'Pulito come gli Inglesi'" (We always say, Clean as the English).

Ill-luck (or perhaps special good-luck) ruled that I should find nobody at Beyrouth, English or otherwise, intending to go to Baalbec at the time of my visit. I remained, therefore, a few days at the hotel, waiting to decide what I should do, and enjoying delightful solitary walks across the little triangular peninsula whose base is Lebanon and whose apex extends seven or eight miles into the blue Levant, a little way north of Tyre. One morning I remember having strolled through the gardens of mulberry and almond, kindly guided everywhere by the courteous peasants, till at last I sat down to read close over the sea, which broke with its delicate fringe of foam on the low rocks below. Overhead an immense hedge of cactus sheltered me from the warm spring sun; while to the right rose up the glorious

Lebanon, with his feet in the sea and his snowy crown towering over the fir woods up into the intense blue sky. I took out the little "Shelley" which I had loved to read in the green old woods of the home of my youth; but nature was unrolling a poem before me more wondrous than the *Prometheus*, more balmy than the *Sensitive Plant*, and I could only gaze, and dream, and be thankful. Presently there came by a young mother, with a little girl running beside her, and a baby of a year old in her arms. Like nearly all the Syrian women, she had a sweet, soft face, and the lithesome figure and pretty colours of the graceful dress made her a charming picture. I touched my breast and head, of course, with the usual salutation, "Salaām aleik!" (Peace be with you!) and received the fitting reply, "Aleik salaām!" and I suppose I looked at the little child as mothers like their infants to be looked at, for, without a word or a hesitation, she placed the little fellow in my lap, and then, in the gentle Eastern fashion, seated herself silently close beside me. We talked a long while, if talking it could be called, when signs and smiles and my dozen words of Arabic had to do all the duty; and then she rose and kissed my hand, and passed away down the shore, singing some sweet monotonous song. "Good-bye!" I thught, "pretty Amina, and dear little Mustapha—we shall not meet again; but your ready claim of human relationship has done my heart good, and will not soon be forgotten."

When it became evident that I should find no companions to Baalbec, I was obliged to resolve for myself

the problem, Should I venture on the journey alone? and, having obtained from our kind consul the recommendation of a trustworthy old Turk as a dragoman, I did not long hesitate. It was a lovely soft morning in March as we rode out of Beyrouth, Hassan and I, on our good Syrian steeds, and the muleteer on foot beside his beast, laden with all my worldly concerns—for that blessed week, at all events. My tent, my kitchen, my cooking and eating utensils, my food and drink, my bed and bedding, and table, and stool, my bath and carpet-bag, and leather travelling-case,—all the things with which we crowd so many rooms dwindled to the burden of a single mule. Springing on my English side-saddle, and riding quickly out of the entangled mass of filthy alleys which forms "the rising emporium of Beyrouth," I inhaled with ecstasy the perfumed air of the orange and almond groves outside the town, and gloried in the prospect of another week of the free life of tents; Lebanon before me and Baalbec beyond! Baalbec! the name alone seemed teeming with sublime mysteries. Miss Martineau says that, when she was a school-girl, she had "*taken on herself to despise Baal*," but that he appeared a very different personage in his own magnificent Heliopolis! For me the old forms of heathenism had long possessed a strong fascination. Amid all their hideous aberrations, their gross pollutions, I had delighted to find traces of the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the "law written on the hearts" of those who knew not Moses. Highest of these ancient faiths, of course in moral purity, stands the Persian fire-worship; and far

may we look, save in the Hebrew writings, for grander thoughts or more spiritual prayers than those of the *Zend Avesta.*

"Hurt not thy neighbour; be not wrathful; do not evil from shame. Fall not into avarice, nor violence, nor envy, nor pride. Answer gently thine enemy." "The procrastination of a good action is a sin." "There are those who love not to give. The place which awaits them is below." "Oh, Thou who dwellest in primæval light, glory, happiness, and intelligence—absolute master of all excellent, and pure, and holy beings, Ormusd, Lord of Light in heaven, make me perfect! Give me a holiness which nothing can shake, in my actions and my words; give me the power to do that good which I desire." "I pray thee, oh Ormusd, that the wicked become believers, that they be henceforth without sin." "I believe in God and in His law. Hell shall be destroyed at the resurrection. I am resolved to do right. Come to my help, oh Ormusd!" —(*Jeschts Sade, Vendidad Sade,* and *Patêts* from the *Zend Avesta,* translated by Du Perron). In what degree this high Persian faith (still existing in no ignoble type among the Parsees of India) was connected with the sun-worship of the gross Phœnician mythology, it is hard to conjecture. Perhaps there was no relation at all, and Baal (or Bel), the sun-god, never received in his impure fanes the homage of a true worshipper of Ormusd, "the supremely wise Lord," of whom the *Zend Avesta* only tells us "his light is hidden under all that shines." At least the faith of which Heliogabalus was hierophant had fallen as low as ever the religious senti-

ment of human nature may be debased. Yet does the "golden star," Zoroaster, throw a mysterious halo over the fire-worship of East and West; that faith which blazed out in the Bactrian plains before the dawn of history, and which lights yet its memorial fires each midsummer eve in the vales of Christian Scotland and Ireland.

To return to my journey.

Nothing can be conceived more delicious than the odours of these lower slopes of Lebanon. I do not know the name of half the trees and plants flowering round the path, some with pungent aromatic perfumes, others luscious, like the orange blossoms; and then, again, clumps of odoriferous pines, wild and pure, and under them growing the dwarf lavender in the crevices of the rocks. We hardly guess, I think, how much of our enjoyment of summer, in every climate, comes from the gratification of our sense of smell, not only from the recognised perfume of special flowers, but the united fragrance of all the vegetation around us, and of the ground itself when freshened by rain or tillage. The sweetness of the violet in spring is, as Shelley says,

> Mixed with fresh odour sent
> From the turf, like the voice and the instrument,

and a music more subtle than that of sound steals into our hearts. It must have happened to us all, sometimes, I suppose, to have been startled by the vividness of some feelings thus derived, some sense of sudden joy, some grasp of happy memory of the love which blessed our childhood, some aspiration of heaven breathing through the cares of earth. What has happened to us?

Only that we have passed near a jessamine or a honey-suckle, or driven past a hawthorn hedge, or ridden under a few fir-trees on the hill-side. And He, to whom the world is "as the dust in the balance" in the immensity of His universe, He has fitted those flowers and trees to yield that fragrance to our senses, fitted our brain and heart to receive from it those softening influences! Methinks, if there were no other proofs in the world of God's goodness, the flowers would supply them in abundance. Answer it to thyself, poor soul, that doubtest of His love, that darest not trust the voice in thine own heart telling thee that thy Father in heaven is *all* which that heart can adore. Why has He made these flowers? why does He send to thee these *little* joys, as gentle and unnoticed often as a mother's kiss upon a sleeping child? There is not, it would seem, a conceivable reason to be given for the existence of flowers (at least for their beauty and perfume), other than the intention to provide for man a pure and most delicate pleasure. Geologists tell us that in the earlier epochs there are few traces of flowers; such as there were being small, and probably of the secondary colours, mere vessels for the ripening of the seeds. Only when the human era approached, the order of the rosaceæ appeared, the fruit-trees with their luxurious burdens, and all our brightest and sweetest flowers, till "the wilderness rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." Thus, as the coal, and the iron, and the stone were laid up in the dawn of time for our use to-day, so the flowers sprang up over the earth for our delight, and to deck the cradle God had prepared for his child! The incense in

the churches of the Greek and Latin communion does not fail to awaken holy thoughts in those who have associated it with their earliest worship and purest devotion. A pitiful thing is it that God's own censers of the flowers should ever open before us without some happy and tender thoughts of Him who has made them

> Spring from every spot of earth
> To show His love is there.

As I ascended slowly up the giant staircase of hills piled on one another, the scene became more and more beautiful, and the vast expanse of the sea below seemed marvellous. I could scarcely believe that the line which divided the sky half-way from the zenith was that of the horizon. On the spot where my tent was pitched for the night I could still see the promontory of the old Berytus, while a wilderness of verdant slopes and huge spurs of the mountains lay between. The pine-trees, fringing the far-off summits to the west, stood out for awhile against the evening sky, and the valleys grew slowly grey and dim; and then, after a little time, the lights twinkled here and there in the Maronite villages in the hollows of the great hills, and high up in the convents perched on the snowy summits, and the stars came out in the radiance of the Syrian heavens, and Orion strode over Lebanon.

Regretfully I turned at last for the night to my little tent, just large enough for my bed and table, and stool and bath. Close by was the picturesque "Khan," an open shed, where Hassan and the muleteer slept, and where, as usual, we found a man to supply us with a fowl and eggs, and delicious fresh water. These

"Khans" give us Europeans a strange idea of the nations which from immemorial time have erected and preserved such harbours of refuge open to every wayfarer at scarcely above an hour's journey from each other; and yet, while providing the *inns*, have never dreamed of forming *roads*, even in the rudest and simplest manner. I had asked my Piedmontese dragoman Abengo, riding out of Jerusalem near Colonia,

"Why do not the people throw these shocking boulders off the roads?"

"*Off* the road, Signora? They always throw them *on* it, and *off* their fields."

"But has the government nothing to say in the matter?"

"Il governo? Cosa sia il governo, qui, Signora?"

My tent was, of course, close to the mule-track which passed the Khan, and formed the regular highway from Beyrouth to Damascus. I had not been long asleep on my little gridiron of a bed before I was awakened by the arrival of a caravan with mules tumbling over the tent-pegs, and a general hubbub and chattering of Arabic. It was not very pleasant; but courage had come in my long wanderings, and neither that nor many subsequent similar disturbances prevented me from rest. We rose early next morning, and breakfasted before dawn, not *too* luxuriously, in the chill drizzle, while my tent was struck and placed on the mule, and our horses saddled. Reader, do not envy that luxurious meal—shocking bread (dry, of course), two eggs, and a cup of tea, without milk, in a tin cup, which possessed a peculiar flavour of its own, contracted (I could not but

surmise) from being used as the receptacle of Hassan's private store of onions! Soon I was on a beautiful young chestnut, which the poor old fellow had designed for his own especial delight, and in a few hours we were scrambling up such snowy heights as put both the horse's mettle and mine to the test. Nothing can be conceived more unlike what we call a road than these tracks over Lebanon, to which the worst of Alpine passes ever used for mules or horses is a joke. My journey chanced to be at an unlucky moment, when the snows were beginning to melt, but the good summer passes still quite unattainable. Frequently the bed of a torrent formed our path; and, scrambling on foot over the adjacent heights, I watched with amazement the horses driven by Hassan up actual cataracts, with rocks as high as their breasts, the fine animals clambering up them like so many cats in the midst of the roar and rush of the waters. On one occasion, when we had been making an ill-advised short cut, Hassan informed me there was nothing for us but to descend a certain tremendous declivity, on which the untracked snow lay thick, and whereon (as there was no track at all down that hill-side) it was impossible to guess into what hollows our horses might fall. At the bottom there was a sharp ledge and precipice, on which the snow could not lie, falling sheer into a deep valley below. The affair was to make our horses go down to the ledge, and there turn short, and ride along the edge till we could descend more safely. Down we went in a moment up to the horses' knees, and then, according to the irregular rocks under us, to the girths, the poor brutes floun-

dering on, and the steep declivity forcing them, helplessly tumbling forward, till in a few moments we were on the ledge over the precipice. The impetus with which we had descended, added to my weight, rendered it apparently impossible for my horse to stop himself. The fine young creature knew his own danger, however, and, as we hung for a seconds on the edge, his struggles were frantic.

The grandeur of the scene in some of these defiles is indescribable. It does not in the least partake of the Alpine character, having no pointed "aiguilles" or celestial "Jungfraus" rising up over the clouds into the blue heaven like a glorified soul—a Virgin in an Assumption of Guido. Lebanon is an aged, hoary saint with giant limbs, kneeling upon earth. The rounded hills, the hollow cones, are all on an enormous scale. The desolation of the barren heights and the luxuriant verdure of the valleys surpass everything in Europe. Sometimes in the heart of the great mountains a chasm opens deep and dark as into the mouth of hell, or as the glimpses we gain in God-illumined hours into the abysses of our own sinful souls. And, lo! the path winds down into the pit where, it would seem, no foot could tread, and the sunlight is blotted out, and we go deeper and deeper, with not a shrub or blade of grass over the barren cliffs, till, in the crevices of the rocks, we suddenly find the sweet wild hyacinth and the lovely white lily of Palestine, Christ's chosen token of the Father's love.

After many long hours of alternate mounting and descending of these hills and vales, the traveller obtains

a sight of the Vale of Baalbec, lying like a vast green lake between him and the parallel chain of Anti-Lebanon. The effect is very singular, the plain being nearly flat, and the verdure of its fields contrasting with the cliffs of the mountains, which are of a red and even crimson hue, while the summits are of glittering snow.

To confess the truth, this Valley of the Haraun had no small share in luring me to my present adventure. There had been a time when I had read *Paradise and the Peri* with all a child's limitless delight, and still I remembered every word of it by heart, and felt perhaps far too little grown beyond the longing, which had once brought many a tear, to say, like the spirit ascending from that flowery plain

> Joy, joy for ever, my task is done,
> The gates are passed, and Heaven is won.

When shall we all shake off this effeminate yearning for peace and bliss, and know that it ought to be

> Life, not Death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, *that* we want?

More life to be, to do, to suffer all that is allotted to us here in this world, where there is larger space for all good and holy things than we shall ever fill? The teaching of the miserable theology of the last century infects us still, though there are signs on every hand that we are outgrowing it. The doctrine which Paley taught so lucidly, that "Virtue consists in doing right, *for the sake of everlasting felicity*," is perhaps rarely preached now in all the effrontery of its baseness. Yet we go on most of us mixing up such hopes with more disinterested motives, and in the depths of our hearts

longing, *not* for more work to do and more power to do it to serve God and man, but for mere rest, or poor paltry happiness. Few of us could die as Theodore Parker did last year (worn out in the prime of manhood by his enormous labours in the cause of Abolition), saying, as he did to me, "Of course I do not fear to die, but I would fain have finished my work. I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them." This is the right spirit; not our indolent sighings for paradise and repose.

Only to one class of human beings, I believe, is it well to speak much of heaven. To those among us whose lot is mainly a happy one, the sense of immortality is fitly placed in the background of consciousness, to give this life's trials an importance they could not retain were we able always to view them from the "Delectable Mountains," whence heaven seems so near; and it is not to be desired for *us* that we should force this consciousness into more vivid prominence. But, to our unhappy brothers and sisters whose earthly lives are steeped in vice and squalor, whose homes are the crowded lodging-rooms of hideous lanes, where the moral atmosphere and the natural air are alike tainted by the foulest filth and sin, there *is* need that we should speak of another life. We need to tell them that these sordid courts and reeking alleys are not all our beautiful world, that there are other flowers growing in wood and field than those they see sickening in the pollution of their gin palaces; and, above all, that there is

> A great world of light that lies
> Behind all human destinies,

in whose dawning radiance the most sordid existence may be glorified even now.

It was rather a sad disenchantment from the visions which *Paradise and the Peri* had awakened which awaited me. As we approached the valley of Baalbec late in the day, after eight or nine hours' hard riding, I found myself constantly repeating

> Now over Syria's land of roses
> Softly the light of eve reposes,
> And like a glory the broad sun
> Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
> Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
> And whitens with eternal sleet,
> While summer, in a vale of flowers,
> Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

Alas! nothing could be much less like a vale of flowers than it was at the moment of my visit. The corn was just sprouting, but spring had not begun, and the contrast to the carpeted fields of Palestine, glowing with lilies, and tulips, and the yellow stars of Bethlehem, and fields of the red "tears of Christ," struck a chill to my anticipations. How quickly does scepticism set in! I began immediately to press my audacious doubts to the most frightful lengths; were there actually such creatures as Peris at all? I explained the query to poor Hassan. Had he heard of Peris? Were there any such beings?

"Commande, Signora? Cosa sono Peris?"

"A sort of Djinns, Hassan, who live on nothing but perfumes, and were turned out of paradise."

"Oh, yes! there were all sorts of Djinns. The

Signora will wait till we come to Baalbec; there she will see the stones placed by the Djinns in the temples of the idols. None but Djinns could have placed them, they are so large."

"Hassan, I intend to have my tent pitched among the ruins. There is shelter among them, I suppose, for you and the muleteer?"

"O, Signora mia! it is quite out of question. Impossibile! impossibile! There are great black vaults; Djinns built them; Djinns are always going about Baalbec. I will show the Signora a nice clean locanda outside the ruins where they wash every day. That will suit the Signora. But Baalbec! oh nò, nò, le rovine! demonij! Djinns!"

"But *men* built those ruins, I assure you, Hassan. I have read a book written at the time when men still made such temples (it was needless to name Vitruvius), in which the whole method of raising those huge stones is described."

The Turkish incredulity evinced at this information instantly carried me back in memory to a scene in the pleasant Northern Hay at Exeter, whither I had chanced to stray during a brief sojourn in the charming old city. I had been labouring to convince a group of poor women at work under a tree that it was *not* (as they averred) a Planet which drove the unfortunate culprits into the neighbouring gaol, but that planets were vast worlds rolling through that summer evening sky over our heads, leaving quite untrammelled the freedom of man to pick —or not to pick—pockets. "Them as reads books," replied the spokeswoman, taking the sense of the

meeting with a glance, and summing up the case (literally) from the Bench, "them as reads books learns many things, but we know it *is* a Planet as sends them to gaol!"

It is very droll to see the way in which a true Oriental treats English ideas; the quiet superiority with which he smiles at our enthusiasm about old walls and old stories of idolaters whose souls are in Jehanum, and the ridiculous state of fuss we display to jump up from our meals, and go on hither and thither, instead of sitting the rest of the day calm and cross-legged, enjoying tobacco and existence. Hassan was a kind old fellow, as considerate of my comfort as his comprehension of an English lady's requirements permitted. But his stoicism quite put me to the blush when I mentioned such trifles as that the iron (in my stirrup) was entering into my *sole*, and that the absence of a bar in my gridiron bed did not increase its suitability for repose. Whenever I was in particular perplexity concerning the awful precipices we were descending, and looked for Hassan's aid to force my horse to attempt them, to a certainty I saw him placidly rolling up a pinch of Latakia into a cigarette, striking his light, and proceeding unconcernedly with a quiet response to my appeal: "Venga, Signora, non c'è pericolo." At last we reached the level plain through cataracts of melting snow. It was very cold, very bleak, very dismal. No signs of a Peri anywhere. Coming up to a small ruined building I inquired, "Is that an Imaret, Hassan?"

"I don't know what an Imaret is, Signora."

It was disheartening! The mule was far behind; so

we rested beside the brook which I had hoped might have been the "small Imaret's rustic fount;" and some Maronite women coming up, I began to sketch them, and was soon surrounded by a merry group. Two hours more brought us to the large village of Zachly.

The houses are all of mud, with flat roofs made of branches, and covered by another coating of mud. Inside they are mostly supported by the stem of a tree in the middle, and are divided into two or three chambers. Along the walls on shelves are ranged rows of tin vessels just as in our cottages; and in the corners of several I saw wonderfully elaborate iron grates. A recess in the wall contains piles of mats and the hard cushions of raw cotton, which form alike chairs, sofas, and beds. The rough unplaned door, with its wooden lock, and the window half stuffed up, reminded me of an Irish cabin—a similitude much enhanced by the abundant population of fowls, cats, and dogs, and, above all, of lovely rosy little children. We stopped outside the first tolerable habitation, and asked leave of the owners to pitch my tent in the angle of grass outside it. I was more than welcome. In five minutes, while Hassan was arranging the tent, I had a perfect court of the poor simple creatures gathering round me, kissing my hands, saying soft kindly words, and giving me their only luxuries, daffodils and sweet carrots. One pleasant-faced old woman, having found my hands apparently to her taste, proceeded to put her arms round my neck, and kiss and bless me in the most motherly way. I wondered whether the poor soul might have had a daughter of whom I reminded her, for she seemed

much affected in some unexplained manner. To amuse them I showed them the contents of my travelling-bag, writing and dressing and luncheon apparatus, each new object calling forth ecstasies of wonder and delight, and screams of "Taïb! Taïb katiyeh" (good! very good); and the smell of eau-de-cologne and toilet-vinegar, and taste of biscuits and bits of sugar, appearing to surpass all experience of earthly luxuries. My little rough sketch-book was hardly comprehensible till I began to draw the children, and there was much amusement, and many undeserved "Taïbs;" and then they each told me their names, which I wrote down in the order following:—

First, my hostess, a beautiful young woman, with soft, bright colour, and kindly brown eyes. Her name, and that of her dear little child, who could not be kept from running up every five minutes and giving me a shy pat on the knee, was "Helena." When I made her understand it was a name dear to me she showed her pleasure very prettily. Then came, as they sat in the circle on the ground or stood behind it, Mareen, and Wardeya, and Yasmeen (Jessamine), and Myrrhi, and Yussef, and Rachayl, and Maddalena, and Maroon, and Fatmè, and another Yussef, and Boalee, and Georgi, and Aidà, and Malachee, and Dieb, and Niddy, and Barbāra (pronounced with the middle "a" intensely broad), and Papas Salieh, the priest. This last was a noble-looking young man, with high cylindrical black cap and black robe, and long flowing brown hair. When it was explained to me he was the priest (as I of course recognised at first), I made him a respectful

salutation, whereat he was highly pleased, and showed me afterwards all the kindness in his power.

Having finished my dinner, and given bits of sugar to the children, and bones to the respectable dog of the establishment, who thenceforth constituted himself the sentry over my *camp* (of one), I retired into private life by a general salaām and "kataherib" (thank you), and closed my tent-door for the night; not, however, from public gaze could I retire so easily. I had just wound my watch, and prepared for further steps towards repose, when some faint sounds caused me to look up and round. Lo! through the slit of the tent-door a whole perpendicular row of bright laughing girls' eyes were peering at me; while Master Niddy and Miss Amina, and sundry other small imps, were extended on the ground, poking their funny little hands under the fringe of the tent. Poor Niddy! I had looked in vain for the stray "babe of Paradise,"

> Among the rosy wild flowers playing,
> As rosy and as wild as they.

Niddy was always playing with Hassan's cooking utensils, to the exasperation of that worthy, who finally gave him a push with the portable kitchen itself, whereby Niddy was sent howling away. Five minutes afterwards, however, he was peeping at me as comically as ever, and performing the most vivacious pantomime, whose moral was "Do give me another lump of sugar." To return, however, to my evening reception. When it became publicly known by the Court Circular of Zachly that I was actually going to bed, the anxiety of my female friends to inspect the mysteries of an English

toilet became overpowering. One pretty girl pushed in resolutely through the slit with an offering of some raw carrots as a pleasing evening refreshment, and then a dozen followed. "Là, là! Emshi! emshi! salaām." (No, no! Go away. Peace be with you!) It was of no sort of use. How did I comb and brush my hair? Was it as long as theirs? What were the garments of "*Angliss?*" The thirst for useless knowledge for a long time overcame all other considerations, till a vast amount of kissing had been performed on my hands and cheeks; and finally, with many a soft word and bright smile, the pretty creatures took wing like a flock of pigeons.

It rained that night and in the morning. Everything was damp in my tent, and the departure in the cold grey dawn was anything but pleasant, save for the kindly good-bye of the Maronites, quite astonished apparently at the receipt of a moderate *backsheesh* in return for their hospitality. I saw them again on my homeward journey, and there obtained lodging in the house of Helena, the weather being terribly cold for tents. On that occasion I saw more of their simple patriarchal life, watched the baking of their miserable bread (mere meal pancakes, toasted for one minute in a red-hot earthen jar), and accompanied them to their vesper service in their own little chapel. As the sun went down over Lebanon the bell rang for prayers. We had only a few yards to walk to their small church, which seemed to be a sort of chapel-of-ease to the larger one, a mile off in the centre of Zachly. Imagine not, oh reader, that it is to a Bath or Cheltenham chapel-of-ease to which I

was conducted, wherein to sit, in a crimson-cushioned pew, "under the Rev. Mr. So-and-so." A quadrangle of mud walls, brown without and whitewashed within, a flat roof of branches and mortar, a post for support in the centre, a confessional at one side, a little lectern, an altar without crucifix, and only decorated by two candlesticks, a jar of fresh daffodils, some poor prints, and a blue tea-cup for sacramental plate, a little cottage-window into which the setting sun was shining softly;—such was the chapel of Zachly. A few men knelt to the left, a few women to the right; in front of the altar was a group of children, also kneeling, and waiting to take their part in the service. At the lectern stood the noble figure of young Papas Salieh, leaning on one of the crutches which in all Eastern churches are provided to relieve the fatigue of the attendants, who, like Abraham, "worship leaning on the top of a staff." Besides the Papas stood a ragged but intelligent little acolyte, who chanted very well, and on the other side of the lectern was an aged peasant, who also took his part. The prayers were of course unintelligible to me, being in Arabic; but I recognised in the Gospel the chapter of genealogies in Luke, over whose hard names the priest helped his friend quite unaffectedly. The reading over, Papas Salieh took off his black and red cap, and, kneeling before the altar, commenced another chanted prayer, while the women beside me bowed till they kissed the ground in Eastern prostration, beating their breasts so as quite to startle me. The group of children made the responses at intervals; and then the priest blessed us, and the simple service was over, having occupied about

twenty minutes. While we were departing, the Papas seated himself in the confessional, and a man went immediately into the penitent's place beside him. There was something very affecting to me in this poor little church of clay, with its humble efforts at cleanliness, and flowers, and music, all built and adorned by the worshippers' own hands, and served by the young peasant priest, doubtless the son and brother of some of his own flock.

[These recollections were written originally in Greece, immediately after the little scenes to which they refer. As I prepare them now for the press, it is with a pang I retrace the memory of that innocent village, the gentle playful groups that gathered round me, the church where the stranger's heart ascended with theirs to the common Father of all, the humble cottage where I slept that last night, welcomed so kindly to the little room abandoned for my use, and left to rest with such soft kisses on my hands, and wishes for God's "peace" upon me. Alas, alas! Zachly is now a heap of blackened ruins; the cottage, the church, are doubtless crumbled to the ground, and the poor, humble people! Heaven grant they may have escaped when the savage Druses overwhelmed their village, and that the sweet, motherly Helena, and her dear little children, and those bright girls, and Salieh, and the rest, may not have moistened with their blood the spot where I saw them so peaceful and so happy. At the best, the condition of the Maronite fugitives is miserable to contemplate.]

After leaving Zachly, I had to ride six hours before reaching Baalbec. The plain was dreary, and the wind

piercingly cold; but Baalbec was before me, and I could hardly master my impatience as I knew myself to be approaching the ruins with which I had always associated a mystery and a majesty beyond all others in the world. The very name of Baalbec for years back had stirred up in me all wildest imaginings of the sublime and the wonderful, and here I was within an hour of beholding it all. Was it *I* in truth? Was that chain Lebanon, and that other mighty range before me Anti-Lebanon, and did the huge walls actually rise between me and that black hill to which Hassan was pointing? At last it came.

"Signora! Ecco Baalbec!"

A small rise in the plain had enabled us to see it some four miles off, a great block of castellated masonry (the Saracenic walls), out of which rose clearly, even at that distance, the six columns of the great Temple of the Sun, which still "stand sublime,"

> Casting their shadows from on high,
> Like dials which the wizard Time
> Had raised to count his ages by.

My heart beat with the pleasure we can only feel a few times in a life, and we sped onward as fast as our Syrian steeds would bear us. About two miles from the city itself, I was suddenly attracted by a singular building. It consisted of eight columns of beautiful polished red granite, but divested of their capitals, and surmounted by only a rude architrave of plain stones so as to form an octagon. One intercolumniation was filled by the usual Moslem niche, indicating the direction of the Käaba. It was clear this was one of the common

pieces of Arab architecture, wherein they plundered the materials of other temples to erect mosques for themselves. There is something in this practice curiously akin to certain moral thievings and borrowings in their own and other sects. Mahomet himself had made of the *traditional* part of the creed of Arabia a mere patchwork, stolen from Jews and Christians. In our own time there are modern sects and churches which are constantly robbing from earlier faiths their prayers and rituals, maiming, and displacing, and barbarously building them into new forms, just as the Arabs did the blocks out of the temples of their predecessors. Surely such practices must ever mark the absence of the true inspiration alike of art and of religious sentiment? It is at best a dead and negative creed, which does not blossom out spontaneously in its own appropriate cultus of prayer and praise, and with proper time and opportunity in all the forms of Art,—architecture, and poetry, and painting, and music. I have heard a grand old liturgy mutilated and "improved" to suit the advanced theology of a people, till every feeling was pained as by false variations on some dear old tune; and after it the prayer of the preacher himself, poured out warm from his living heart, full of love and faith, seemed as if it belonged to another age than that of the liturgy! It was as if one beheld growing together the luxuriant beech and chestnuts of our time, and the stern, dark old pines of the era of the coal measures! The reformers of the world, it would seem, ought to proceed in a far different way. Surely they should take the *spirit* of all that in the past is true and holy, and leave the mere formal

blocks of myth and cultus to lie where they have fallen; never despised, never desecrated, only disused; visited and studied with a sacred and tender interest, but not forced into unnatural service. We should follow the example of the Crusaders who saw the fanes of Cairo, and carried the idea of their grandeur into their own lands and their own faith, and built Rouen, and York, and Strasbourg, and Milan with the arches of the Gama Taloon and the mosque of Hassan.*

Another half-hour and I was in the promised "locanda," in the village of Baalbec—a large collection of mud cabins of the humblest sort, lying at some little distance from the ruins. My "apartment" was a separate cabin, consisting of one large whitewashed room, with a post in the middle and two vast apertures in the wall, scarcely to be called "windows," inasmuch as they were wholly "without form and void," so far as shape or window frames were concerned. Hardly had I time to dismount and walk in, when a clean mat was thrown on the floor, and then a cotton mattress and a large pile of cushions, while a great hot "tandour" of charcoal was brought from an adjoining house and placed beside me. The luxury I felt in resting my stiffened and frozen limbs thus comfortably, made me draw an unfavourable comparison between chairs and divans, and also between fireplaces in our hotels, which take an hour before they *begin* to smoke, and the charcoal-pans of the South, which can be carried about ready lighted.

* Both erected several centuries before the pointed arch was used in Christendom.

A little warmed and restored, I took the master of the locanda to show me the way about the ruins, and directed him to leave me in peace till dark. Wonderful hours they were, that day and a large part of the next, alone in that City of the Dead! The principal buildings remaining of the once vast town are all enclosed by a lofty and massive Saracenic wall, composed as usual of fragments of other buildings, and encircling a space of three or four acres, which formed in the days of the Arab power a stronghold or citadel. Round this wall flows a lovely bright brook, singing and dancing like a merry child beside a blind and desolate old man. Entering through a breach of rather difficult access in the south-west angle of the wall, the whole majestic spectacle of temples and palaces rose before me; and when I had dismissed my guide I had the full intense enjoyment of them all to myself. There is naturally nothing to attract the poor inhabitants of the village half a mile off into these precincts; and, if there *were*, the fear of the Djinns which haunt them seems to be so overpowering that it would be a sufficient restraint. Thus, in all the solemnity of utter solitude, without one other human being near, and a thousand miles from all who knew or loved me, I drank in through the long silent hours the majestic grandeur of Baalbec.

I shall not attempt to give a description, a catalogue of temples and palaces in that wondrous place, with technical phrases and accurate measurements. He who desires such information will find it in a multitude of books. When all is said and done, and temples are described as "peripteral" or "in antis," octastyle or

hexastyle, with columns, Doric or Corinthian, six feet and a half by sixty, or five feet by forty, no very lucid idea is conveyed to the mind, or, if it *be*, it is of that species of lucidity which effectually expels the sublime, as when we contemplate a line of poetry in the point of view of the trochees and dactyls of which it is composed. Let me try if I can possibly convey more justly the impression which Baalbec made on my heart, overwhelming me, as it were, under a sense of desolation no other spot on earth ever conveyed.

Baalbec possesses two characters peculiarly its own—enormous magnitude and redundant richness. The buildings are not only of immense height and extent, but each individual block is of dimensions almost unexampled elsewhere. Five spans of my extended arms and some three feet over (thirty-one feet) only touched the extremities of one stone in the temple of Baal. The shafts of the pillars, standing and prostrate, are each miracles of size and perfection; the fragments of palaces reveal halls of a magnificence unparalleled. Then all these enormous blocks and edifices are wrought with such lavish luxuriance of imagination, such incredible perfection of detail, that the idea of the Arabs that they were the work, not of men, but of genii, seemed perfectly natural. I wandered on, now revelling in beauty, now overawed with grandeur, till it seemed as if one's soul and heart could bear no more. Here were the towering six columns of the giant fane of the Sun; here the second temple, the most magnificent, the most perfect left to us of the ancient world. Passing out at the great ruined gateway, here are the vast and splendid square

and hexagonal courts with their walls forming exedræ, and loaded with indescribable profusion of ornaments, columns, pilasters, entablatures, niches, and seats overhung with garlands and sculptured wings of fanciful creatures. All that the richest of the styles of ancient architecture could achieve—the magnificent Corinthian in its most luscious dreams—seems perfected here. Streets and gateways and palaces, hardly distinguishable in their decay, yet all on the same scale of grandeur and solidity, follow on beyond the courts and portico. One huge house stands with its ruined staircase like a great tower in the centre; another, half underground, contains a vast stone hall, yet roofed and perfect. Further yet is the most splendid of all the palaces: noble Corinthian doorways and windows, and exquisite cornices and ornaments of broken entablatures, attest its surprising richness. I climbed up a shattered stair to the summit of the Saracenic wall, which here bounds the ruined city; and there below, through an opening in the massive masonry, lay the *living* world—the glittering brook, a group of almond-trees in blossom, the village, the beautiful mosque, and Anti-Lebanon with his crown of snow. It was a sort of shock to look out on the world of the living from the City of the Dead, so completely do these ruins engross our souls. Only beyond the almond-trees was one vestige more of the elder city—an exquisite circular temple, with its colonnade of six Corinthian columns and the architraves recurved inwards from column to column—one of the loveliest gems of ancient architecture. The second day of my visit I went to see this temple, and also the

Saracenic mosque, built as usual of pillars taken from other temples, and arranged, like that of Mecca, around a large quadrangle, double on three sides, and quadruple on that next to the Kaaba. From the capitals of the pillars spring pointed arches of very elegant form. The roof which they supported is all fallen down; the grand marble fountain in the centre of the mosque is all broken and shattered, and the roots of the great plane-tree which overshadows it are breaking up the beautiful pavement. What double desolation is here!—the fragments of heathen shrines built into this once stately fane of Islam, and then, when both races of worshippers have passed away, ruin left to work his will! Truly, I thought,

> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights from Thee,
> And Thou, oh Lord, art more than they!

Walking up the valley I came to a different scene—the source of the lonely little brook which sings for ever round desolate Baalbec. There are here ruins of splendid Moslem palaces and white marble fountains standing in the soft green grass and crystal water. Luxuriant weeping willows hang over the stream. Everything here is calm, soft, and sweet; lonely and sad, indeed, and yet most beautiful. Over the willow branches hung masses of mistletoe, which I gathered with the thought how strange it was that we, whose progenitors had reverenced that plant when Baalbec was in its glory, should find it living here now when Baalbec is dead, and we, the children of the barbarians,

are "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of Time." A beautiful emblem, truly, was the mistletoe growing on our royal English oaks: the oak was Hesus, "the God, greatest and best," strongest and ever-during; and the mistletoe was Man, weak and poor, but living in Him, and clinging to His everlasting arms.

I saw these Moslem ruins, however, only on my second day in Baalbec; the first was all spent alone in the City of the Dead. I turned away from the view of the outer world, and, descending the walls, explored yet further into the ruins beyond what my guide had indicated—the most awful part of all, the huge subterranean vaults which underlie half the city. The meaning of these extraordinary places I cannot pretend to surmise. They are too dark for roads, and far too splendid for cloacæ. Most of them are built of stones about six feet high (admirably hewn, like everything in Baalbec), two ranges forming the walls. Upon these rests a projecting cornice of massive stone, and from this springs the lofty rounded arch of the vaults. At intervals of about twenty yards there are, carved in high relief on the keystones of the arch, half-figures of Astarte, or some other female goddess, gazing down with strange, solemn looks on the intruder in those twilight realms. It is impossible to imagine anything more awful than these vast sepulchral corridors, into which the daylight only enters, glimmering from the half-underground openings at the end of such of them as emerge at all into the upper air. Several of them are at right angles to these, crossing from one to another at some hundred yards

from the entrance. In one of them I saw, high up in the second range of stones, an opening leading into an abyss of darkness. Another magnificent portal, carved in all the Corinthian richness of decoration led me into what seemed a loftier, vaster vault than the others. I pursued it a dozen paces in the utter darkness, but who would dare go on? The dead silence, the thick darkness, and oppressive air of these sepulchral vaults —sepulchres, it might be, under a Dead City—are wholly indescribable in their awe. I wandered from one to another, and entered, as I could bear, through doors which seemed like portals of Dante's Hell; till the sense of awe became almost horror, and I could endure no more.

Last of all, I returned to the Temple of Baal, to spend there the closing hours of the evening. Prints and sketches must have made most readers acquainted with this sublime building, its huge walls still perfect, its colonnade of enormous pillars still half standing, and its inner portal of unapproachable magnificence, with its broken architrave and keystone hanging fallen half-way from its place. The broad lintel itself bears a beautiful bas-relief of an eagle armed with a thunder-bolt, hovering, as it would seem, over the head of the entering worshipper. The view of the interior of the temple from this doorway is probably the finest remaining of any of the ancient world. The roof is utterly gone (it is supposed to have been hypæthral), but the walls stand nearly perfect to their full height, and the ranges of columns and pilasters with which they are faced retain all their beauty. Even the place where

the statue of the god must have stood can easily be traced. A great stone lying overturned on the spot was probably its pedestal. It always takes time for the effect of *grandeur* to sink into our minds. *Beauty* we discern at a glance, though its power does not fail also to grow and strengthen. But the immensity of a building or a mountain does not reveal itself till our eyes have, as it were, learned the perspective of its magnitude, as a child first learns to see. The solemnity and desolation of great ruins must be seen calmly and alone to arrive at any sense of their sublimity. It was a boon to be alone in Baalbec. The stillness and the calm were most impressive. I remained for hours in the glorious fane so strangely my own, and tried to conceive what had been the thoughts of the worshippers when last the incense had risen from those broken altars to the mysterious Baal. Had any prayers to which *we* could respond ever ascended there? Who knows how much light ever broke into the temples of ancient heathendom? Perchance even the most polluted of all had some opening to heaven found by the eyes which sought it faithfully. Said not old Scotus well, "Surely the Divine clemency suffereth not the souls which seek earnestly for God to wander for ever in the mists of error, and be lost therein?" It seemed to me as if the holy depths of those Syrian heavens, in which the calm moon was now shining over the broken walls, must have received from all time the prayerful gaze of human eyes. Perhaps from many a heart had there ascended aspirations like those dimly breathed through the wonderful Hymn of Cleanthes to Zeus—a prayer which

even our happier souls, rich with the spiritual treasures of two thousand years, might not err to offer now.

> O Thou who o'er the clouds dost dwell,
> Our wild and wandering wishes quell!
> Direct each will, each thought control,
> Light the dread darkness of the soul!
> That our wills, blended into thine,—
> Concurrent in the Law Divine,
> Eternal, universal, just, and good,—
> Honouring and honoured in our servitude,
> Creation's pæan march may swell!
> The march of Law immutable,
> Whereby as to its noblest end
> All being doth for ever tend.

Does not the deepest and noblest of all modern poems, the last word of our philosophy, breathe the self-same faith and hope in God and His Law and its great final fulfilment?—

> That God who ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off, divine event
> To which the whole creation moves!

THE CITY OF VICTORY.

Euroclydon! Reader, have you ever been in a real Levanter? No darkness, no rain, no long Atlantic Andes of billows, but short, quick, high waves, rushing hither and thither, blue as the Southern sky, flecked with veins of foam, and tossing their snowy manes and crests mast high into the air, while the Egyptian sun shines down from the deep, cloudless sky as calmly over all the turmoil as the Sphinx over the battle of the Pyramids. It is an amazing sight! I stood once gazing at it bewildered, and every few moments thrown down by the tremendous shocks of the side waves, which rattled the great ship like a child's toy, and drenched the deck in foam. Yet so entranced was I with the glory and the beauty of the scene, I could not go away. We were sailing to Alexandria, and already some towers on the coast had been hailed as landmarks, when down came over the sea this wild hurricane, the true "Storm-wind Euroclydon;" and away it bore us, far off from sight of Egypt, half a hundred leagues, away towards the shores of Crete The whole day long it blew, and when the night came on the tempest grew worse; crash after crash resounded on all sides, and it seemed as if no work of human hands could bear such assaults as the wild waves were making on our vessel from stem to

stern, larboard and starboard. I was voyaging alone to the East, determined to see Nile and Jordan and Ilyssus before I died; and, woman as I was, to make my way alone if no pleasant company offered. So it came to pass that, while the gale was blowing so fiercely, I was lying alone on the floor of my cabin, rejoicing when I could keep my head from being knocked against the sides. Presently, in the middle of the night, an American lady, with whom I had only exchanged a few courteous words, came tottering into the little den, and sank down on the same mattress opposite me. "I came to see how you are getting on" It was a kindly thought; and so we lay half that strange night, talking of death, which seemed knocking at our doors, and of all those things in the infinite Beyond of which man gains a clearer sight when the bars of life are loosened. And so it came to pass that, when that night was over, and we set foot at last upon the shores of Egypt, that brave, good woman and I were no longer strangers, but friends, and as friends we lived together for many days. In all my recollections of Egypt she takes a part, together with her kind husband and dear little child, who brought childhood and playfulness with us even to the door of the Pyramids.

Alexandria, and unimaginable confusion! The ship boarded by hordes of half-naked porters and gorgeously-attired dragomans, while crowds of wild creatures—black, brown, and white—scuffling, screaming, struggling like maniacs on the quay, seemed to strive to jostle each other into the water. A stout Syrian, with a yellow handkerchief on his head, vouchsafed to guard me

and my properties to the hotel to which he belonged, and with a great stick he flourished about, hitting right and left and on all sides. When we had landed at last, and stood among this tribe of demented creatures, I discovered my best-beloved trunk deposited safely out of the mud on a prostrate colossal statue, recognizable by its head-dress as that of a king of Lower Egypt of Pharaonic times! A curious entry this, in truth, into the land of "Egypt old and vast"—the realm where silence and grandeur and mystery are supposed to have their eternal abode.

Modern Alexandria, as all the world and the passengers by the Overland route are well aware, has small interest, save as affording the first glimpse into the East—a very mongrel East, however, it is, not to be compared to Cairo, yet a foretaste of that wonderful City of Dreams. No description ever conveyed to me what an Eastern city might resemble; and it is almost hopeless to think I can give to another my reflex of the impressions on the brain as one drives for the first time through those fantastic streets. Every figure is a picture—new in face, new in dress, new, above all, in bearing and character. It is this which gives endless amusement in watching the stately walk of the rich old man, the nimble bounding race of half-dressed young ones, and the laughing, shuffling gait of the women, who always seem making a masquerading joke of their ridiculous bundle of attire, and of the brass screw over their noses to hold up the veil over their mouths! The clamour of shouting voices, rarely drowned by any sound of wheels; the strings of camels, whose large

burdens fill the narrow streets from side to side; the innumerable donkeys, with boys screaming "Ashmāla Djemāla," and belabouring them behind; solemn old gentlemen seated in state, smoking pipes six feet long; the rich variety of the street architecture—of which Chester gives just the faintest hint; the great stone archways leading into romantic courts; latticed windows, in projecting balconies, touching across the streets; lovely minarets, shooting up into the cloudless sky; mosques of red and white stone, quaint and beautiful; shops all open, with all the goods displayed to the street, and the shopman seated cross-legged, playing with his child or his cat: on every side there is a picture one longs to preserve, in all its rich colouring, on one's mind for ever.

But this is all more true of Cairo than of Alexandria. Grecian and Italian have their share here, and sadly jar with the rest. Only here and there are strange reminiscences of what once was Alexandria. On walls in poor streets, where there are preparations for illumination, you may trace in the figure of the lamps the mystic Abracadabra, the double triangle of Gnostic divination. Where the workmen are digging foundations for some new house, you look down and see shattered marble and porphyry columns and fragments of statues, for which we should contend in England for our museums. A little out of the modern city, under the hill on which stands Diocletian's column (miscalled of Pompey), there was disinterred, just before my arrival, a very interesting relic—an early Christian church, hewn in the tufa-like substance of the hill, and closed up, no doubt, for sixteen or eighteen centuries. The

frescoes were quite vivid when I saw them. No doubt could exist that they belonged to a very early date, for, though rude enough, there was no trace of the Byzantine poverty of style, but, on the contrary, precisely the broad, bold outlines of the frescoes from Herculaneum and Pompeii I had just seen in the Museo Borbonico. One of these was especially interesting. It was a full-length, life-size picture of Christ, so different from our received ideas of His appearance that I should not have guessed it was meant for Him, save for the word "Christos," in Greek, written over the head. It represented a powerful dark man, with masses of black hair cut short over his ears. The attitude was dignified and commanding, without that peculiar tenderness and sadness usually expressed by the droop of the head, so singularly antedated by the great bronze bust of Plato found in Herculaneum. It is idle to make or mar theories from a single instance of very uncertain date, yet it does appear to me that this fresco deserves to be taken *per contra* the very interesting researches lately published in the *Art-Union Journal.* A very ancient church has certainly here commemorated an idea wholly opposed to our later one. And, at a period which cannot be much earlier, we find that the *modern* conception of Christ's head was then attributed (almost without a variation) to the great Philosopher of the Academy! There are here curious materials for thought. Christian negroes to this day, it is said, much prefer *black* images of Christ to all others. No marvel, indeed, if poor Uncle Tom should not have selected Legree's complexion as the most Divine!

Would that there were no people who, in far more serious sense, "make a God as black as themselves!"

But, though modern Alexandria is but a poor, mongrel city of little interest, *Old* Alexandria, stretching far outside the existing town, offers to us at least a vast field for the work of memory and imagination. There is a huge plain stretching to the sea, all broken by small mounds and dells, and covered with the same dwarf wild marigold which grows alike over the forum of Pompeii, and the Acropolis of Athens, and the Courts of Baal in the Syrian Heliopolis. The Arab workmen are excavating everywhere into the hillocks, and using the materials thence extracted to form the roads. These mounds are all formed of broken bricks and pottery, *débris* of houses and temples, baths and theatres, beyond number. The city was built of brick, like Babylon; and now, like Babylon, it lies in the dust, and the little weed has woven over it one great green winding-sheet. Not a stone is to be found standing for miles to mark that here stood the magnificent capital of the Ptolemies, the last home of the wisdom and science of the ancient world—the city of Plotinus and Proclus, of Philo and Iamblichus! Ay! and of another, to whom tenderer feelings are due than to her great masters! Here lived the philosopher, here died the martyr Hypatia. Who will write truly her story? Kingsley's romance is surely but one huge anachronism. To make the martyr of the old philosophy the mouthpiece for Christian fears and anxieties—was this just? Who that has read the marvellous thoughts of Greek and Roman sages but know that *their* search for truth,

honest and earnest as it was, never partook of that agonizing anxiety which belonged to another age and creed, when men were taught that to err in that awful task, even involuntarily, might incur eternal penalty? Who can doubt that Hypatia—that wondrous woman, so beautiful as to win all hearts, so pure as to command all reverence, so gifted as to hold the foremost school of philosophy and science in the world—who can doubt that she "sought the light of cloudless day" as fearlessly as Plato or Antoninus? But, whatever her unknown thoughts may have been, this alone we can tell, that she died the martyr of her faith—a fearful martyrdom, when the fiendish band of *sainted* Cyril's monks tore her beautiful form to pieces on their high altar with shards and shells! Truly, it seemed to me, as I paced alone over the green grave of ruined Alexandria, "It was meet that the city where this crime was done should lie desolate for ever. It was right that the church which committed it should groan in bondage in that land for a thousand years."

There is somewhat very solemn in these utterly ruined cities. We pause and ask whether our own vast busy towns will ever lie silent as they,

> And unknown wanderers in the future wood
> Where London stands, shall ask where London stood.

If not a wood, yet still more complete desolation must, we know, arrive ere many millenniums, and the waters leaving the southern oceans shall incline over all our busy hemisphere. A curious and a strangely suggestive speculation truly!

Two days spent at Alexandria were amply sufficient to view all it contained of interest for one little versed in antiquarian lore; and I gladly prepared to join my kind fellow-passengers on their road to Cairo. Not very easy, however, did it prove for us to make good our laudable intentions. The affair of moving a large party among a set of Arab porters, drivers, ticket-takers, and railway officials, all jabbering in uttermost excitement and confusion, and understanding neither English nor Italian, is an achievement of which to be vainglorious. When we had attained our end, it was somewhat disheartening to be told at Cairo that my beloved great trunk must go on to Bombay with the luggage of the Overland Mail passengers—it was an inevitable necessity that it should do so—and against "Kismet" there was no rebelling. We did rebel, however, and, after an hour's pitched battle with the demented Arab-chattering guards and porters, it was recovered, thanks to my American friend's intervention. A vast trial to any English temper is such a scene, and the different way in which New Englanders always pass through them suggest some odd inquiries. There is an imperiousness in the true English mind, rising up immediately against any obstacle in its path, to which, I believe, we owe a vast deal of our national achievements, physical and moral. Assuredly we owe to it the way in which travelling is facilitated in every corner of the world where English people do congregate. One after another we pour on, staring at every delay, insisting on more and more rapid conveyance, fretting, fuming, making ourselves objects of astonish-

ment to the calm Oriental, and of ridicule to our fellow-Europeans; but still eventually always conquering, and leaving rough places smooth, and crooked things straight behind us. "Fág an bealach" is an Anglo-Saxon far more than a Celtic war-cry. That sign of a thoroughly healthy constitution, the arising of a slight fever after every wound, is peculiarly our own, No true-born Briton ever takes meekly being stopped, bullied, cheated, and thwarted, but a decided quickening of the blood, with a few other febrile symptoms, is sure to ensue! Not so, however, our Yankee cousins; their good temper, patience, and even indifference under such aggravations seem to bespeak a temperament with a far more moderate share of phlogiston.

I should like to be able to convey to the reader's imagination one of the less inextricably complicated scenes of confusion during our transit from Alexandria to Cairo.

Scene.—*The door of the principal hotel in Alexandria—job carriages opposite ready to convey travellers to the station. A party of Americans and English standing over a mountain of luggage to be tarnsported from the hotel to the carriages. About three hundred natives of Egypt, with a sprinkling of Greeks and Nubians, blocking up the way.*

(*Chorus of three hundred.*)

"Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!"

(*Semi-chorus of volunteer porters.*)

"You want a porter, Sare? You want a porter, Angliss Miss?"

(*Semi-chorus of donkey boys.*)

"Vera goot donkey! Vera goot donkey. All right! All right!"

(*Full chorus da capo.*)

"Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!"

(*General scuffle to carry the luggage and waylay the travellers for backsheesh.*)

(*American gentleman speaking with vast self-control.*)

"*Will* you go out of the way?"

(*English gentleman, in an unmistakable rage.*)

"You confounded scoundrels, clear the road, and don't touch my trunks!"

(*Full chorus.*)

"Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!"

(*Native hotel servants addressing the mob.*)

"Ashmalā! Djimālā! Clear the way. Là Là, Emshi Emshi, go away, go away."

(*Sotto voce to the travellers.*)

"Give them backsheesh."

(*American lady, pathetically and imploringly.*)

"Oh, do see what has become of my dressing-case among all these dreadful people!"

(*American child, with sagacity and animation.*)

"I guess it's considerable far off by this time, ma'!"

(*English lady, with vigour and resolution.*)

"Here, porter, facchino! whatever you are! Prendete questo grande baule. Put it on the top of the carriage —so! Come back for the others into the hotel. Oh * * * h!! merciful powers!"

(*Hotel servants, for the purpose of clearing the way, have thrown a large bucketful of warm water on the crowd, which the ill-fated lady (author of the present work) meets in its descent, and is thoroughly drenched and nearly scalded thereby.*)

(*General chorus of sympathizers.*)

"Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!"

(*Semi-chorus of donkey boys.*)

"All right, all right; vera goot donkey; all right!"

(*Semi-chorus of porters.*)

"Want a portare, Angliss Miss? Give backsheesh!"

(*The party is finally packed, and the carriages start, while the drivers slash cruelly right and left, and amid the howls of the victims arises the grand finale chorus.*)

"Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!"—*Bis and da capo.*

(*Echo down the street.*)

"Backsheesh— sheesh—sheesh!"

The next scene which occurred was more ridiculous still in a different way. I can hardly hope the reader will believe that the story has not been improved, but in all honesty I will endeavour to relate it precisely as it occurred. The party of Americans with whom I had formed acquaintance joined me in taking our place in a first-class broad-gauge railway carriage, at one end of which were seated when we entered a rather raw-looking Scotch youth, and opposite him a bright and pleasant Anglo-Indian lady of middle age, proceeding to Bombay, for the third time in her life. The Scotch

gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was doubtless on his way to undertake the government of a few millions of Hindoos; but, whatever was his profession, his ignorance of Egyptian matters was something astounding. Our curiosity was first excited by hearing him ask, a few miles only from Alexandria, "I suppose we shall see the Pyramids very soon?" The Anglo-Indian lady, with a droll glance at us, replied, promptly, "Of course you will see them, Mr. Thompson; the great Pyramid, as you know, has been turned into the railway-station."

Mr. T., innocently, but rather surprised:—

"Indeed! Well, that is very curious. What wonderful things our English engineers can do! But I never heard of this before. The Sphinx is close by the Pyramid, I understand?"

Lady.—"Very close, as you say. It always takes shelter in the Pyramid when it rains!"

Mr. Thompson.—"Oh, Ma'am, that's not possible, surely?"

Lady.—"Not possible! Of course it's possible; you don't know what the Sphinx *is*, apparently, Mr. Thompson."

(*Mr. Thompson relapses into silence, feeling rather uncomfortable. The train proceeds, and we pass over a branch of the Nile. After due exclamations on all sides, Mr. Thompson pursues his geographical inquiries.*)

"How soon shall we come to the Cataracts?"

American Lady.—"Cataracts, sir? Don't you know they are three weeks' journey up the Nile?"

Anglo-Indian Lady.—"But there is no use going to see them now, Mr. Thompson, they are all done away with lately. The Nile has been couched for both the Cataracts."

Mr. Thompson, aghast.—"Madam!"

English Lady, looking at her compatriots.—"Yes, indeed, that *was* a wonderful operation. Who was the oculist?"

Anglo-Indian.—"Oh, Solomon, to be sure. It is said it was the greatest achievement ever made in optical surgery."

English Lady.—"The great age of the Nile of course made it peculiarly difficult. We have always heard, you know, of the OLD Nile."

Mr. Thompson looks from one speaker to another, and intrenches himself in a tower of silence. The train draws up quickly past a small station, where stand two half-naked brown old Arabs with sugar-canes for sale.

Anglo-Indian Lady, excitedly.—"Look, look, Mr. Thompson! Mummies, Mr. Thompson! mummies, I declare!"

(*Out go Mr. Thompson's head and shoulders through the window.*)

"You're very fortunate, Mr. Thompson, very lucky, indeed. I have been three times to India this way, and I never saw mummies out before. It's the damp which has brought them out. They are so dry, you know, naturally."

(*Mr. Thompson having purchased a sugar-cane from one of the mummies, resigns himself to scraping and munching it for the rest of the way.*)

It was Sunday morning, my first day in Cairo. I took it into my head to try and walk to the desert, and enjoy alone the impressions it might bring. As it happened, the dragoman of whom I enquired the way indulged in the delusion that the English word "desert" meant simply the "country," as opposed to the town. Accordingly, with many gesticulations, he gave me to understand I should reach the desired region by following a certain road, and—having with difficulty made him understand I did not require the pleasure of his attendance, and that Englishwomen could walk by themselves—I set off gaily on my way. Soon I had left the city behind, and found myself, after half-a-mile of suburb, in an avenue which I will venture to say is without its equal in the world. It is a causeway raised to a considerable height above the level fields of corn and cotton, in width some eighty feet or more, and in length some three English miles. On each side grow, in unbroken rows, the magnificent Acacia Lebbek, one of the grandest trees of the East, with huge gnarled stems like those of our oldest oaks, and giant heavy branches interlacing across the vast avenue in a mass of luxuriant foliage, through which the sunlight breaks glittering on the scene below. And a bright scene it is, that high road to Cairo. Men and women in every imaginable variety of costume pass along in throngs, the light blue dresses of the women and the white ones commonest among the men contrasting with the sheen of the trees and the glimpses of the deep ultra-marine sky of Egypt. There are no carts or carriages, no vulgar sounds of grinding wheels of waggon or omnibus; only

long strings of camels laden with bales of merchandise, and droves of asses without number bearing into the city loads of bright green clover, gleaming like emeralds in the glistening sunlight. Far away on either side stretch rich level plains, with crops of corn, and rice, and sugar-cane; and here and there in the distance are groves of palms and acacias, an Arab village, or a stately palace amid its gardens. I walked along in a dream of beauty. The air that February morning seemed like the atmosphere of Paradise, bringing back in every breath health and vigour to lungs laden with the fogs of the North, and filling the senses with that sweet exhilaration we might deem belonged to a Peri's heaven of odour and balm. The Arabs talked, and sung, and directed their camels with a "Là, là!" or a "Schwoi, schwoi!" (No, no!—gently, gently!); and every here and there we passed a water-wheel, beside which the workmen were singing their sweet monotonous accompaniment to the groaning wood—a sound I soon learned to connect inextricably with every recollection of Egypt. No one dreamed of molesting me. The poor Arab women, carrying their burdens of graceful vases or baskets on their heads, often smiled kindly at me, and made pantomimes of good-will when they found I could not understand their words. Two of them walked a long way close beside me, and touched my shoulder at parting as if for fullest encouragement. I did not see one European as I walked on and on for two delicious hours, now pausing to drink in enjoyment, now hurrying forward, always thinking I should arrive at the expected "desert." At last I reached the end of

that glorious avenue, and the Nile in all its majesty suddenly broke through the trees. There it lay, rolling its yellow waters far as the eye could reach north and south, in grand slow curves and reaches, like a great golden chain which Heaven had thrown upon the breast of the bridal earth. And far away there stood in their lonely height—giants even at that vast distance—the eternal Pyramids. I had never seen them till that moment, but none could mistake them. It was enough to stir the dullest pulse to look thus for the first time unexpectedly on the Pyramids and on the Nile—the oldest and grandest work of human hands, and the most mysterious and majestic of the works of nature. Yet the Nile had the pre-eminence of interest, though I had seen it already on my way. Who can explain why all rivers affect us as they do? A hill, a forest, a lake, we admire and think of as a beautiful thing. But a river is almost a person, and, like a living man or woman, it claims always its share of notice before any other object which may be present. We enter some famous gallery thronged with paintings and statues which we have longed for years to behold—we lift the curtain of some glorious dome of Italy with almost trembling awe, yet, before we may gaze at the picture, or give ourselves up to the rapture of the cathedral, we are forced by some inward instinct to give one glance before us at the men and women, all uninteresting as they may be, who stand within; to pay, in fact, our tribute to humanity, as having a prior claim on us to any work of sculptor's chisel or painter's brush, or any temple made with hands. Almost in the same mys-

terious way, we look always first at the river in the landscape. Even a poor and turbid stream will have its wistful gaze from the spectator before he looks further. Is it that, like ourselves, a river only has beginning, middle, end; the tiny source, the full, strong, flowing stream—the bourn, at last, whence the waters roll not back, nor any traveller may return? It may be so perchance; and the obvious similitude which has struck every heart seems truer and deeper as we think of it. The river near its source—is it not a poor feeble thing?—a mere thread of water, winding its difficult way between the most trifling obstacles, turned aside from its course by a rock or a fallen tree, and ready to lose itself in dry, low swamp or marsh, without force to push further. Doubtless, if we could stand —as so many brave hearts have striven to do—beside the fount of the Nile, it would be hard to think that little trickling stream was actually the same as the great river of Egypt, and that it should grow and swell deeper and stronger, receiving the floods of heaven and the tribute of earth, till at last it should roll in resistless seas of waters, bearing fertility and blessing over all the land. Hardly could we bring ourselves to call that poor weak rill the Nile! But before one eye at least in the universe the feeble spring and the mighty river are one. He sees it all mapped out from its source in weakness to its end in power. And can *we* never rise high enough into the upper air of thought to see like Him our human fellow-rivers, not only in their feeble struggles through the rocks and stones in their path, but as they shall be hereafter, far away, perhaps,

a thousand years to come, down cataracts of death, and past long deserts of unknown worlds—but as they shall surely be at last, each flowing on a majestic benediction through the universe, reflecting on his ever-swelling bosom the infinite glory of God?

After a few days spent in Cairo, we established ourselves in a house kept by a worthy Piedmontese, immediately over the Nile, in the small town called Old Cairo, or Roman Babylon. From thence, sometimes on foot, but oftener riding, I made my way daily to the city on one side, or into the desert on the other. The road to Cairo lay through fields of (to me) unknown vegetables, bordered by great hedges of cactus ten or twelve feet high, with here and there pretty clumps and avenues of trees. Through this rural scenery the glimpses of the great city, with its countless minarets and the enormous yellow marble mosque of the citadel standing out against the ultra-marine sky, were often very beautiful. Not so remarkable, however, is this view of Cairo as that from the opposite side on the desert road to the Tombs of the Khalifs and the Petrified Forest. There the gate of the city, the long castellated and turreted wall, and the citadel, with its dome and minarets rising behind, form precisely the sort of ideal fortress of the "Paynim Saracene" we all picture to ourselves in childhood in reading romances of the Crusades; and (should our genius lie in original composition) we have probably, in the intervals of uncomfortable sums, drawn it very frequently upon our slates. It was actually startling to behold in stone and mortar here at Cairo, and afterwards in the great castle beside

Solomon's Pools, the realization of childhood's vision of Giant Despair's abode—Ogre's House—and the identical fortress from which the "Captive Knight" uttered his distracting appeals. The sensation was like that most painful one when we fancy we have seen and heard, at some unknown time previously, all that at the moment is passing before us, and Memory plays us false by pretending to be occupied, when it is impossible she can have any part in the matter. The childhood of the world still lingers in the East, and meets us with reminiscences of our own early years at every turn. Eastern races always paint objects just as children do, not by looking at them and observing their real perspective and foreshortening, but by sitting down and imagining how they ought to look—"constructing the idea of the camel out of their own consciousness"—and making it as tall as the palm-tree beside which it is standing. Egyptian and Ninevite sculptures, with beings twenty feet high, rivers two feet wide full of large fish, and bulls with five legs; all these are precisely the sort of compositions in which, I suppose, we universally indulged when first possessed of paper and pencil.

Riding one day as usual into Cairo, I found the suburb through which I entered in a state of excitement strongly resembling an old English fair, or more properly, perhaps, like Donnybrook in its glory; for the Arabs, in their gaiety and clamour, might fairly be taken for a Celtic population. There were great stands of booths offering piles of white and rose-coloured lollypops, tents full of uproarious people enjoying unknown

recreations, and in the middle four or five unmistakable "merry-go-rounds" of the most approved patterns in full rotation. "Bayumè," I cried to the dragoman who followed me in green jacket and large white muslin trousers, magnificently bestriding his donkey, "Bayumè, what is all this about? What does it mean?" I repeated, seeing him look stupid, and pointing with my stick to the group of riotous boys tumbling and playing in the merry-go-round. "This," said Bayumè, impressively, "this is *lamentation!* It is for our princess. She dead lately. This go on for a week, lamentation." It was nearly as absurd as when passing two or three old women sitting howling at the door of a palace, I imagined they were making fun, and laughed cheerily in their faces. The insult to their profession (for they were regular paid mourners) was unpardonable, and I was assailed by such an outcry of unquestionable yells, that I was glad to flee the place. In Europe we hire men to be "mutes" at our funerals: in the East they hire women to make as much noisy lamentation as possible. Perhaps there is not much to choose in the way of good sense between the two institutions.

Will you follow me, reader, as I enter Cairo, and strive to convey the impressions of a ride through those dim, wonderful streets? I cannot pretend to say how many days it needed to give to my own mind anything like a clear idea of them. Though I had longed all my life eagerly to see the temples and tombs of Egypt, and had, in fact, hardly thought of any interest beyond the antiquities when I resolved on the voyage; yet, once in

Cairo, the *living* interest around was so vivid, so intense, that I did not even desire to leave it for a day, and cheerfully deferred, for my friend's convenience, my visit to the Pyramids for more than a fortnight, though within sight of them every day. I felt as if revelling in a new life, a new world, where, as Shelley says, we shall hear and see

> All that is great and all that is strange
> In the boundless realm of unending change.

We are passing down a narrow street, and over head the projecting eaves nearly meet, as in the old streets of Florence. Here and there mats are hung across to afford still thicker shade, and so the southern sunlight breaks in only at intervals in narrow streams of glory, while deep, dark shadows rest on the mysterious courts and archways on either hand. There is no pavement, only well-trodden earth; no carriages, only strings of camels and asses: thus, as in Venice, we are freed from the vulgar grinding sounds of Western cities, and our senses are all gratified at once; for through the balmy spring atmosphere are constantly stealing the odours of burning cedar, of delicious chibouques and narghilis, of dry Eastern spices, and luscious attar of Mecca. The buildings are nearly all of stone, with doorways of intricate tracery, like our Norman arches, dog-tooth, and zigzag, and interlacing patterns. Often high up in the walls we catch glimpses of half-hidden windows, with mullions of twisted columns the most elaborate and fanciful our richest decorated and flamboyant churches of the West can boast. On either hand are shops open to the street; the matted floor on which the owner and

his customers are calmly seated is a foot or two above the level of the ground. Deep within are great rich courts, where Persian carpets glowing with gorgeous colours are hanging in every direction, fastened against the stone balconies and pillars. And amid all this maze of architecture scarce an angle lacks its beautiful verdant tree—palm or acacia—catching the showers of sunlight on its leaves. And around the tree, and passing in endless flow through the streets, are crowds of men and women, some clad in magnificent robes, some with their broad chests and bronze limbs nearly bare; but all, without exception, possessing the unfailing birthright of Eastern races—grace, and ease, and dignity. Strange it is, but it would seem as if only to us of the West it were possible to be awkward, mean in countenance, and vulgar in demeanour; Moors, Arabs, Syrians, Turks, Hindoos, Persians, may be (though rarely) ugly and deformed, but, at worst, they are never *vulgar*. Their clothes, if in rags, hang on them with dignity. Their feet, if bare, are planted with a free, firm step. There is no jostling, no intrusive staring at strangers, in their streets; but only gentle, mild looks, offensive to none. Walking alone in Naples, I had seen a man deliberately drive his carriage against me when I could not escape, and laugh when he nearly broke my arm with the shaft. I was a woman, and unguarded by any one who could punish him, and that was enough for the Neapolitan. My first stroll alone in Alexandria showed another phase of humanity. A venerable old Arab rose hastily from his seat and seized me by the arm, drawing me to one side. I

looked startled, and he smilingly pointed to a camel whose head was nearly over mine, and whose noiseless steps overtaking me I had not heard. It is a pretty sign to notice the friendly way—often with arms on each other's shoulders—in which the people walk and greet each other in the street. The blind especially, of whom there are a fearful number, are nearly always led about in a sort of embrace, and are as gay and smiling as the rest. It would seem as if little children of a year or two old were rather more in the father's charge than the mother's. They are always crawling about the shops, or else riding astride on the man's shoulders, with their little arms embracing his red tarboosh, and their heads peeping over his like a small knob on the crown.

Now we have reached a marble fountain, of which there are many in Cairo—it is an octagon kiosque or miniature temple of purest white marble, cut in lace-like tracery. The drinking-spouts on each side the surmounting balustrades and finials are all of polished brass. Further yet—and what is this giant door before us? It is the portal of Sultan Hassein's Mosque. In a huge wall is sunk a sort of apse with fretted honey-combed roof, of such stupendous height and indescribable richness that it is hard to conceive anything more magnificent—a work of Ginns rather than of human architects. Entering it, as pigmies in a giant's abode, we pass through dark and solemn stone corridors into an open court paved with marble, in the centre of which is a great covered fountain for ablutions. Round the four sides of the court open enormous pointed arches,

forming each the side of a large chamber. In one of them sits an old Imaum, solemnly chanting, while seven or eight men opposite upon the ground answer him in regular response. Within and behind the mosque is the tomb of the great Sultan who built it. Faded and almost ruined after nearly seven centuries, the elaborate fretwork with the paint and carved wood necessarily much injured, these buildings are still most gorgeous; graceful and rich beyond description, and imposing from their mass and proportions.

It is an impressive sight when we first pass beyond the bounds of Christendom, and see men worshipping God according to a wholly different faith. We feel the real brotherhood which underlies our variances all the more strongly, because form and name have changed, and nothing remains but the substance of religion—the simple relation of creature and Creator. The familiar church, with its desk, and altar, and pews, and font; the bareheaded congregation, and the surpliced priest; the sonorous liturgy, and even the Holiest Name, are no longer to be found. Only the disciple of Islam is kneeling with uncovered feet in lowliest prostration in his solemn mosque, speaking under his breath to the never-imaged Allah perhaps that most beautiful of his prayers—"Thou art to me all that I desire. Make me to Thee what Thou desirest. O Thou the most merciful of the merciful!" *

With all its shortcomings (and many and grievous they surely are on the side of spirituality), Mahometanism has pre-eminently maintained the character of all creeds in

* *Solwân*, by Ibns Zaffer.

which One God alone is adored—namely, reverence. A perfectly corresponding scale might probably be found by any one who would carefully compare the multiplicity of objects of worship in any creed, and the small amount of veneration or awe in the minds of the worshippers. Polynesian and African polytheists, as we all know, beat and punish their idols when they prove refractory. Let Homer and Hesiod testify to the absence of all true reverence in the nation for which they could act the part of Moses and the Prophets. Nay, more, the hagiolatry and Mariolatry of the Romish Church has resulted in this patent conclusion, that all Catholic nations use God's Name more irreverently than Protestants; and, while professing so great an awe as to be unable to pray without mediators, they think nothing of taking His name in vain as an ordinary interjection, or to enforce a plea for a *bajocco* or a halfpenny. It would be too bold to pray, but it is not too bold to blaspheme! I remember once in Venice noticing a grotesque-looking head rudely cut on one of the posts placed in the canals for the fastening of gondolas. The absurd stump was surmounted by an old, battered straw hat set on one side. As I passed, a gentleman of distinguished appearance came out of the palace opposite, and lifted his hat to this image. Naturally I inquired of my gondolier what could be the object of this homage, and was overwhelmed by the reply—

"Iddio! Signora. Gesù Christo sicuro."

A little further along the same canal was the notice over a hairdresser's shop—*Barbiere alla Divina Providenza.* I had just come from the East at the time, and

could not but reflect how these Venetians, who could be all unconsciously guilty of such blasphemies, would, nevertheless, scorn the "dogs of infidels" I had watched so often with admiration, absorbed in silent worship of the Invisible One.

Whatever errors a great creed may hold, it is always certain it contains also some vital and noble truths; and assuredly it is by the truths it contains, and not by the errors (which only hurt and neutralize the truths), that any or all religions hold sway over the human soul. Islam has not been the faith of hundreds of millions of souls for twelve centuries because it teaches that Mahomet was the greatest of the prophets, but because it teaches that "There is no god but God;" not because it permits polygamy, and offers a sensual paradise, but because it demands truth, justice, piety, charity, and temperance. These low thoughts of other creeds are on a par with the fears entertained for our own by those who forget the maxim that "to nothing but error can any truth be dangerous," and cry out that their Church is menaced, not because people have alleged falsehoods against its doctrines, but because they have discovered some actual facts of history, some undeniable principles of criticism, and then applied them fearlessly, secure that, "if the doctrine be of God," He will take care of it. In reality, those English Christians who think new truths are likely to overthrow old Churches, are guilty of the same infidelity to those very Churches which French and German atheists are to God himself. The Englishman says in effect, if not in words, "My Church cannot bear some truths. It dares not

look in the face modern biblical criticism, modern physical science, modern philosophy of history." The Frenchman or German says (as in a late article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on *Essays and Reviews*) that the development of the unquestionable truths that book contains will lead the nations to a point where, all fiction being stripped away from religion, it will be found that nothing remains; that man has only been worshipping all along his own ideal projected out of himself.

It is a nobler faith which prompts some among us who say, "Give us truths, and let Churches stand or fall as they may be able to bear them." "Give us truths, and we are sure that never will one of them tend to anything save to make God more real to our souls." "Man's ideal projected out of himself!" Is it so indeed? When the sun rises higher, shall Deity disappear from the universe like a spectre of the Brocken; the shadow of the gazer himself thrown out upon the mist in the twilight of the ages? All then that men have felt, and adored, and feared, and loved, all for which saints have lived, and martyrs died—all this is nothing! A delusion, "a baseless fabric of a dream," has then effected more, inspired more, accomplished more, than any real power in earth or heaven! Mosque and pagod, heathen fane and Christian church, vainly do ye rise in dome, and spire, and minaret, to testify from every land to heaven that man believes, reveres, adores! your massive walls rest only on an illusion, and a mistake. Yet a little while and prayer shall ascend no more. Man will learn a few truths more, will read a few pages further in the Book of Nature, and then he

will discover that there is no God of Truth, that the Book of Nature has no author!

The bare statement of such thoughts is surely their sufficient refutation. Rather must we believe that each advance in knowledge will help forward that nobler faith which is to come—that faith of the future which will not be the extinguishing of past religions, but the essential life of them all revivified in an immortal resurrection.

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost.

The time will come when every ray ever shed upon human souls will be gathered and absorbed into a resplendent focus of truth and glory. Only let us go forth seeking these rays; not seeking for blots and stains. Let us go to other nations and Churches, not to notice complacently where they err, and where we are wiser than they—where they cry "Allah, Allah!" and we say, "Lord, Lord!"—but let us go to them to see what truth is there; what worthy thought of God, what high sense of duty to man, is at the basis of their faith; what is it which this sect has taught which has enabled it to supply thousands of souls with spiritual food for ages? No mere chaff can do this. There must needs be many grains of wheat where men live and grow.

The Moslems are naturally those to whom our first interest turns in the East; but beside them are other sects having many claims to attention. Among them are the poor Copts, whose creed is said to be an orthodox form of Christianity, with only the blot of the Mono-

thelite heresy, or doctrine that Christ had but one will. I confess it was hard to imagine that abstruse theories on such a subject occupied any place whatever in their simple minds. Their two chief churches which I visited were poor, dirty places; and the good-natured Coptic priests and vivacious acolytes seemed anything but likely to entertain metaphysical speculations. There was something very primitive in the whole affair; and perhaps the assertion of their missionary was true, that, in abandoning all formality to the Mahometans, they cherished more spiritual feelings. Certainly it seems that men's minds belong to two distinct classes, separable in every country. To the one the place and form of worship is infinitely important and valuable; to the other it is rather an obstacle and distraction than an aid to devotion to possess a beautiful cathedral and a chanted liturgy. One seeks the spirit through the form; the other dreads to stop at the form and lose the spirit. At all events, the poor Copts would find more sympathy with the Low than with the High Church minds among us. Their little church, dark and dingy, with a sort of sheep-pen at the west end for women, was adorned by no pictures—only by two poor broken and filthy glass chandeliers. The screen closing off the chancel was not to be passed by a woman's unhallowed foot; but, looking through it, I saw an altar, on which was a small box of burning incense. On the floor lay a heap of soiled surplices, gathered like linen for the wash; and round and round—leaping, running, and romping behind and over the altar—were half a dozen young lads, striving to seize from the young priest a certain

little bun of a mysteriously sanctified appearance. Eventually the Papas offered me another such bun, all covered over with crosses and queer marks; and on my presenting him in return with the moderate backsheesh of one shilling, he and I interchanged quite enthusiastic tokens of mutual respect! In the porticoes of both the little churches I found a whole tribe of poor helpless, blind, and crippled beggars, doubtless supported by the charity of the Copts, and established there *en permanence*. Besides Moslem mosques, some old and grand, some new and splendid, and Coptic churches, all poor and mean, and Greek churches, gaudy and glaring,—and the dervish's place of prayer saddest and most depressing of any,—I was, I think, most interested by several visits which I paid to a Latin convent of French and German nuns of the order of the "Bon Pasteur." Well did they deserve their name: for, like good and gentle shepherds, they had come out from Europe into the wilderness to find some poor little lambs, and train and educate the degraded young girls of the East to something above their miserable and sensual lives. Their schools were of several sorts and classes, from one in which was a niece of the reigning Pasha of Egypt, to another consisting of sixty destitute orphans, picked up as foundlings in the streets.

I had made acquaintance with three of the nuns on our six days' voyage between Malta and Egypt, and their simplicity and good-humour through all the inconveniences arising from their humble accommodation on board, had excited my interest in them and their work.

True, their convent education had left them with a singular collection of facts to discourse upon. Of the Virgin's tree at Heliopolis they knew a great deal—of Sinai and Moses nothing whatever. Two of them, who were French ladies, held animated arguments with the third, a little warm-hearted German fraülein, who had another set of legends of her own, and would sometimes venture to dispute the accuracy of theirs—as, for instance, that no one except Christ was ever exactly six feet high! One day, one of the French nuns very solemnly told me that if anybody rose at sunrise on Trinity Sunday, he would see "toutes les trois personnes de la Sainte Trinité!" "Of course, madame, you have done so yourself?" I observed. "Pas précisément, madame; madame would observe how early the sun rose at that season. But it was true, *parfaitement* vrai!" The little German seemed in profound thought for a time, and then said, with the conscious audacity of a Strauss, "Je ne le crois pas!" Good little soul! When I quoted to her afterwards the pretty little German distich she had doubtless known in her childhood—

> Mit Gott fang an, mit Gott hor'auf,
> Das gibt das schönstens lebenslauf—

she burst into tears, and begged me to come and see her, and let her hear a few words of her own tongue (badly as I spoke it), in her exile in Cairo. Very soon I fulfilled my promise, and found more interest even than I expected in my various visits to the convent, and conversations with the very clever French superior.

The house itself was once the palace of some wealthy Cairine, and is exceedingly curious. One room in particular struck me as being beautiful. It is about forty feet long, with deep bays at either end, and one facing the centre door. The woodwork is very rich; fine arabesque Mosaics are let into panels in the walls, the floor isof inlaid marble. The ceiling rises in the centre into a lofty dome, with a smaller dome or lantern within it, ascending quite thirty or thirty-five feet from the floor, and all the windows are partially filled with rich stained glass. Down this splendid chamber are ranged the simple little beds of the sixty poor orphans, whom the good nuns adopt and teach till they are eighteen years old, and afterwards, if possible, settle in marriage.

Besides the orphan house, I saw a school for girls of the upper classes, and also a penitentiary for Christian females, all kept by the nuns. The Superior told me that the Levantine Christian women are on the whole just as low as the Moslem women—just as ignorant, as sensual, enslaved, and despised. Till these poor creatures, one and all, can be made morally free—able to control their own ungoverned passions, and learn to respect themselves,—there is little use in growing indignant at the treatment they receive from their husbands. Given a "slave," and the necessary correlative is, a "master." It is rather remarkable how much liberty the Cairine women enjoy in their eternal masquerade, which enables them to sit chaffing in the bazaars, so completely disguised that their nearest relations might stand beside them and never guess their identity.

Three or four Moslem girls turn Christians every year from the teaching of the nuns, and are not persecuted, but able easily to obtain employment among Mahometans. A Christian girl, on the other hand, ran away from her home to the mosque on the citadel, and there pronounced the confession of faith, and so became a Moslem. Her father managed to seize her and give her in charge to the nuns, who answered my inquiries about her rather ominously, "A present elle va mieux."

Now, our walk though Cairo must end, to be resumed and pushed farther another day, till there may be told the "Adventure of an Unprotected Female in the Pyramid of Cheops." A curious adventure it was; but magazines, like the Greek language, have only "definite articles," and mine has reached its limits. Procrustes was an amiable host compared to the editor who bids us "cut out two or three pages anywhere," and leaves us to the agonizing task of making sense of the remainder.

Here we are at home, at the *locanda* of Signor Ronchi in Roman Babylon. A little refreshed from the day's excursion by dates and oranges, and delicious Nile water, cooled in the earthen "bardak," I go out to lie on a sofa on the balcony which overhangs the glorious river. There it lies, some sixty feet below, rolling on calmly and slowly, and of enormous width even here, where I see but one branch of it, while the other is hidden behind the Isle of Rhoda. Beautifully green and rich is this same island opposite me, and a fitting scene, with its palm-groves overhanging the water, for the sweet legend which tells that here the

daughter of Pharaoh, straying from her royal home in neighbouring Memphis, found among those thick rushes the little child who was to become the greatest prophet of the world save One. A mile farther up the river, at the southernmost point of the island, stands the tower of the Nilometer; and everywhere on the island and the shores, peeping between the groves of acacia and palm, and gardens of oranges, are palaces with their flat overhanging roofs still recalling in their forms the propylon of the temples of Thebes and Philæ.

The sun is going down beyond the palms of Rhoda; beyond the line of giant cypresses upon the further shore; beyond the burning yellow desert where stand the two great Pyramids, clear and sharp against the evening sky,—even at this distance the grandest objects in the landscape. And as the sun is sinking slowly, there comes from some unseen minaret in Babylon the voice of the muezzin—

La Allah, illah Allah!

The beautiful call, more solemn than any vesper bell, echoes over the water; and the poor fishermen, whose boats are moored for the night under my balcony, leave the simple preparations for their evening meal, and spread their carpets on their decks, and bare their feet, and kneel down reverently for their sunset prayer. There is a great hush, and a golden silence, and the sun goes down in a sea of glory—"a bed of daffodil sky,"—and the pyramids and cypresses, and palm-groves stand out darker and darker; and lamps are lighted in barge and palace all down the great river, even to where

Memphis stood; and the stars come out one by one overhead, and the young crescent moon with the earth-light filling her horn, hangs near and clear, and seeming as if she were descending to earth from the infinite depths of the heavens beyond:—Isis brooding over the "beloved land of Egypt."

THE ETERNAL CITY.

It happened to us once to attend the examination of an infant school conducted by ladies more benevolent in purpose than sagacious in the science of managing small children. Several hours were spent in desultory inquiries, repetitions of lessons, and investigation of copy-books. Finally, the time for dinner arrived, while the children were singing the third or fourth of a collection of somewhat lugubrious although edifying hymns.

At this crisis the attendants brought into the school-room the trays covered with the bread and soup, and of course all eyes were instantly fixed in their direction with longing aspirations. Having once been a child myself (a claim which, I observe, is always stated as peculiar and remarkable), I ventured to whisper that the three remaining verses might be dispensed with, and more interesting researches pursued than that of the abstract question,

> Why should I deprive my neighbour
> Of his goods against his will?

But I was wrong. Hymns must be finished, and children taught to restrain unruly appetites; and so another and another verse was sung, slower and slower, and lower and lower, as the little voices dropped out of the

chorus in weariness or were fascinated into silence by the spectacle of the dinner. At last it ended; but there was to be another song, and this was to be something most diverting and delightful. The dear children liked it so much! It was a species of parody on "Nidnoddin," and at each verse the singers appeared actively engaged in humming, digging, washing, or reading, repeating in chorus—

> And we're all washing, wash, wash, washing;
> We're all washing, so happy and so gay.

Or,

> We're all spelling, spell, spell, spelling,
> So happy and so gay.

The first verse was got over passably. At the second, "so happy and so gay" had become *pianissimo*. At the third it was a whine; and at the fourth a wail. At the fifth several little faccs had tears running down them. Finally,

> So hap-happy and so g-a-a-a-y!

ended in a regular roar of crying of half the poor little babies in chorus.

It appears to me that at this moment the Papal Government is treating its subjects much as we did those hungry children. It is saying to them, "Sing, my pretty dears; sing and play, and show your kind visitors that you are all 'so happy and so gay.' Don't look at the bread-basket just now; don't think whether your are tired of sitting in the stocks. Play away; sing your pretty songs. We'll lead you ourselves:

> We're all playing, play, play, playing;
> We're all playing, so happy and so gay."

Who has not heard of a Roman Carnival? What a scene of mirth and sport it is! Such files and files of carriages laden with nobles and burgesses hardly able to move through the long Corso, crowded with brilliant masqueraders; while above, from every balcony, hang garlands and banners, and thousands of fair hands scattering choicest *confetti* and delicious flowers on favoured knights below. Oh, gallant, joyous scene—oh, happy people of Rome—oh, paternal and pontifical government, which sanctions it all; nay, throws a halo of sacerdotal benediction over the scene! One can almost fancy one sees an indulgent grandpapa watching the children playing blindman's buff at Christmas. "Play, my little ones—play away; grandpapa likes to see you amuse youselves, provided you don't tread on his gouty toes. Play away, all of you, 'so happy and so gay.'"

And so the Roman Government makes ample preparation for the celebration of Carnival this blessed year 1862. And first the walls are placarded with an *Editto* of laws for the proper observance of the ceremony; and the same Editto forms the leading article of *the* newspaper of Rome—to wit, the poor little *Giornale di Roma,* containing about as much printed matter as two columns of the *Times*. Awful is the appearance of this edict. We saw it one day pasted among the five or six placards which are about the utmost number to be ever seen posted on walls anywhere in Rome. There it was alongside of "La Santa Casa di Loretta," and "Il Principio del Autorita," and two bills of theatres, and the advertisement of a lost muff. There

was the ukase in thirty articles. Viewing the deep solemnity of the subject, the discrimination needful between confetti (lollypops), lawful and unlawful, flowers which may be flung, and onions which must be withheld, it is almost a pity there were not thirty-nine "Articles of the Carnival." Not to be profane, when we stood in the street to read the solemn words with which the decree opens its metaphysical depth of discrimination in the middle, and the awful threats of arrest and condemnation with which it concludes,—we could not but think that a certain celebrated symbol had been present to the mind of the priestly or prelatical framer of the Editto. "Whoever wishes to enjoy the Carnival must," &c. We must present a digest of this new Roman law —not exactly a law after the fashion of the Twelve Tables, the Pandects of Theodosius, or the novels of Justinian.

Rome, 22 *Febbraio.*

EDICT CONCERNING THE CARNIVAL.

ANTONIO MATTEUCI, Vice-Chamberlain di S.R.C., and Director-General of Police.

With the highest authorization, the under-mentioned diversions are permitted in the approaching Carnival under the following regulations:—

1. On the 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th of February, and on the 1st, 3rd, and 4th of March, the horse-races will take place.

2. In these days disguises are allowed, but it is forbidden either to mask the face or to disguise it in any way, either with false bands or dyes, or in any other way.

3. It is forbidden to wear as disguise the distinctive costumes of the military or of ecclesiastics.

4. It is forbidden to carry arms. (The reason for these two regulations is sufficiently obvious. Three more articles follow concerning disguises and the hours for wearing them, and then come these solemn decrees.)

8. It is permitted to throw *confetti* (comfits) of sugar. These, however, must be of two species only; to wit, of aniseed and of little cinnamon drops, and precisely those which are known under the name of "Confettura minuta." It is not allowed to throw any other qualities.

9. It is allowed, however (*notwithstanding Act* 8), to use comfits of aniseed, millet, carraways, grape seeds and melon seeds, covered with paste of flour. They must notwithstanding be comformable to the Confettura minuta, and be made in a pan (!).

10. Therefore expressly forbidden are comfits of every other kind, and particularly those of lime (the only kind ever used now, as all the world knows), chalk, white lead, mortar, or any other material whatever.

11. The retail sale of comfits aforesaid, can only be carried on by those who have obtained the written gratuitous (!) permission of the Assessor-General of Police. The seller must carry this written permission to show it on every demand.

12. The sale aforesaid can only be made along the Corso and in the Piazzas designated by the municipal authorities.

13. The comfits aforesaid can only be permitted to be thrown in discreet quantity, and without impetuosity (*senza impeto*), not to give offence.

14. It is hereby forbidden to throw comfits with a spoon or ladle, or with shovels, plates, or canisters, or with any other instrument suited to render more immoderate or violent and offensive the vibration thereof.

15. It is hereby forbidden also to throw flour, mortar, lime, or other similar materials; or to fling eggs, apples of any kind, or money of any description.

16. It is permitted to throw flowers, whether separate or in

small nosegays, provided always that the stalks be short and not heavy.

17. The sellers of flowers must be authorized by written license, which will be granted *gratis* by the Assessor-General of Police. Also, such sale of flowers must take place only along the Corso and in the Piazza designated by the municipal authorities. Every seller of flowers must keep this written permission to exhibit on demand.

18. It is forbidden to fling comfits or flowers at the soldiers on service. The offender will be immediately arrested.

19. Carriages will enter the Corso only by the Piazza del Popolo, San Lorenzo, and of Venezia; also by the Via Condotti and the Arco dei Carbognari.

20. In the drive in the Corso carriages must keep strictly their proper lines, and must only turn at each end of the Corso.

21. From mid-day to Ave-Maria no saddle-horses, nor carriages drawn by one horse, can have any entrance into the Corso whatsoever.

22. At the aforesaid hours shall be admitted into the Corso only carriages with two horses. The said carriages must be of sufficient cleanliness and elegance. The public force will immediately drive out of the Corso any carriage which shall be indecent (!) or drawn by one horse.

Seven Articles more describe the laws of carriages, and finally,

Art. 30. Any action whatsoever, or expression whatsoever, which shall be injurious or criminal, and any disobedience to the orders of the public force, will immediately draw upon the offender the execution of the laws.

Given at our residence, 8 Feb., 1862.

ANTONIO MATTEUCI.

There is something impressive about this edict, which throws a solemnity even over the subject of lollypops,

and adds an importance to the status of nosegays. Imagine, O reader, the streets of London decorated with a parallel Proclamation, and the leading article in the *Times* dedicated to its republication.

V. R.

(The Royal Arms.)

WHEREAS, &c. &c. &c.

And be it enacted, that COMFITS may be thrown, provided always that aforesaid comfits be of the species denominated candy, sugar-plums, lollypops, barley sugar, stunners, kisses, or acidulated drops.

But in anywise notwithstanding be it herein forbidden to throw all those and several comfits denominated bull's-eyes, teetotal drops, liquorice, or cinnamon-stick.

And be it provided that no sale of such candy, sugar-plums, lollypops, peppermint drops, or stunners, shall in anywise take place in London during the season aforesaid, unless by persons duly authorized by her Majesty's Superintendent-General of Police, and bearing his sign-manual, graciously affording such permission.

Truly we seem to have travelled into a land of children, where edicts like these could be promulgated without ridicule.

In addition to the edict, the other preparations made for the Carnival consisted in wooden scaffoldings in the Piazza del Popolo for the witnesses of the horse-race, and the hanging of a moderate quantity of red and white calico of more than doubtful cleanliness over the balconies of the houses in the Corso. In the Piazza di Venezia the seats were superbly covered by filthy old tapestries. Between two and three o'clock the Carnival opened. But before we station ourselves to view this

"festive scene," let us turn to another side of the picture. All is by no means gold that glitters in Rome. Preparations for a *festa* generally involve something serious underneath—perhaps the life and death struggle of a nation writhing like Laocoon under the double snakes of secular and spiritual tyranny. What do the Romans themselves think of their Carnival this year? Usually it is difficult or impossible for us to get a chance of knowing the real feelings of the people. Under the iron censorship of the press, public sentiment is actually stifled down, and the nation seems to lie gasping in an atmosphere of doubt and falsehood. But for once we have ready access to the heart of the people; we have the words of their National Committee, and (as I shall show presently) those words were ratified by the action of twenty thousand men.

The National Committee of Rome is a remarkable body, which has succeeded in keeping itself undiscovered, and in issuing its addresses on all important occasions for some years back.* The discovery of its private press is one of the chief objects of Antonelli's ambition, and the other day he thought he had attained his end. He had obtained information that it was at work in one of the endless ramifications of chambers in the colossal hospital of San Spirito, and accordingly a large body of troops suddenly surrounded the building, and an investigation was commenced. But Antonelli had reckoned

* I have heard a Roman quote, regarding its undiscoverable identity, Metastasio's lines about the Phœnix—

"Che vi sia ciascun lo dice,
Dove sia nessun lo sa."

without his host. Monsignor Narducci, who is now the supreme head of San Spirito, considered himself insulted by the invasion of his domain; and asserting his unquestionable prerogative, announced that the Pope's autograph order must be produced before he would permit any search whatever to be made in the hospital. Before this order could be obtained two or three hours had elapsed; and when it was presented to Narducci and the search effected, all that can be said is, that the printing press was not found! Whether it ever was there, is another matter. Here, at all events, is one of its later productions, and truly it forms a marvellous contrast to the childish edict I have just quoted as the authoritative decree of the Pontifical Government. He who is familiarly acquainted with the verbiage, the forcible feebleness and bombast of ordinary Italian composition in our time, cannot fail to be struck with the difference, if it were only in style of writing, of this manly and powerful paper. It would seem usually as if the prohibition of the discussion of all serious matters in Italian society—in fact, of all political and religious conversation whatever—had not only gradually rendered the minds of men and women more and more superficial and trifling, but made the very language thinner and more diluted, to supply a fitting vehicle for the tittle-tattle about dress and the opera, to which social intercourse is pretty nearly limited. The descendants of those Romans whose strong concise tongue could express six words of an English epitaph in three, have watered down Latin and the elder Italian into a language which would rather require twelve words for our

six. Italian conversation, cumbered with forms, and demanding for polite usage endless drawling of syllables and clear pronunciation of final vowels, is indeed sweet and sonorous; but it lacks altogether the more serviceable qualities of language, the brilliant epigram of glittering French, the metaphysical subtlety of German, or the energy and force of our own Anglo-Saxon. On the one side it is all feebleness and verbiage, on the other all bombast. If an Italian newspaper wishes to say that a report is false, it says that it is "pienamente inesatta." If a pro-Papal pamphlet desires to rebuke the *Man of the Age* (a sort of substitute for and representative of the Man of Sin), it calls him in two pages a Nimrod, a Tantalus, a Titan, a Spartacus, a Critias, an Enomaus, a Curbicus, an Enceladus, an Ephialtes, and a son of Edom!"* Compared with all this rubbish, the Address of the National Committee concerning the Carnival is remarkable in every way. I shall give it in the original as well as in translation, that my assertions respecting its style may be verified. But there is much more than a question of composition involved. Read here in old Rome, dwelling between the memorials of ancient glory to which it appeals, and the manifestations of modern priestly misrule and the tawdry fooleries of the Carnival—between the Forum on one side and the Corso on the other—these words sound solemn and grand as a trumpet-call. We see not from

* *Il Principio dell' Autorità e le Tendenze del Secolo;* wherein it proved,—1st, that authority is the best thing in the world; 2nd, that the Papacy exercises *less* authority than any other sect; 3rd, *ergo*, that Popery is the best thing in the world.

whence they come. It is a *vox et præterea nihil;* but a voice which tells us Rome is not dead—a noble voice, worthy of the land and of the cause. So, then, the children will not all play at word of command? They will not all sing with their feet in the stocks, or dance when bidden at the point of the bayonet?—

Romani!

Il Governo Pontefice vuole che voi vi aiete spettacolo di voi stessi nel prossimo Carnovale frequentando il Corso e i Festini per aver nuova occasione di mentire e di ripettere che voi siete felicissimi di esser gli sudditi. Ma il Governo Pontefice non troverà certo fra i veri figli di Roma che si prester a dar colore di verita all' impudente menzogna.

Mentre la sua ostinata cupidiglia di potere, toglie ancora a Roma quella prosperità onde sarà lieta la capitale d'Italia, mentre tante oneste famiglie piangono ancora i lori cari, quale in esilio, quale in carcere, quale privato d'impiego da una trista censura, mentre di questi vittime s'accresce ogni giorno il numero, mentre invece di dar pane al popolo si scialacqua il danaro per riordinare il brigantaggio Borbonico, il Governo Pontefice cinvita a far Baccanali perchè l'Europa ci creda o stupidi o contenti, e lasce cosi prolungere la nostra sciagura. E un amara derisione, e il popolo Romano tollera con dignità i propri mali, ma non si lascia deridere.

Il Corso ed i Festini saranno frequentati dei Borbonici che attendano la nuova stazione per tornare agl' incendio ed alle rapine del brigantaggio,—de' Zouavi, e dei sgherri ai quali de Merode permitte di mutar tante fogge di vestiario quanto son le comparse che debbono fure; da quegli impiegati, o pusillanimi, o disonesti, o ignoranti che temono più un occhio bieco de' loro attuale padroni che non l'avvenire delle loro famiglie; del servido rame prelatizio e dagli affigliati dei Gesuiti che in grazia del poter temporale hanno convertito oggi in indulgenza,

quella che prima vietavano come peccato. A tutti farà la spesa l'obolo di S. Pietro e il prestito de' cinque milioni che l'oneste Bourbone va ora emettando in cartelle da 100 franchi stampata a Roma colla data di Gaeta; prestito cosi immorale che certo il Governo Italiano non sara mai si stolto da riconoscere.

Romani! Lasciate pure che frequenti il Corso ed i Festini chi si senta degno di si nobile e csalta compagnia! Per chi ama il proprio decoro, per chi si senta all' altezza delle sorti che la Providenza ha riserbata all' Italia! Alla sua capitale, l'antico Foro di Roma ed ogni altro luogo dove sono memorie della nostra antica grandezza offre gioie degna di lui. Là ricordando quanto furono grandi nostri maggiori ha d'onde rallegrarsi il vero cittadino di Roma poichè vi trova le ragione del vicino nostro risorgimento dopo tanti secoli di sventure!

Viva il Pontefice non Rè!

Viva Vittorio Emanuele II. Rè d'Italia! 20 *Febbraio*, 1862.

IL COMITATO NAZIONALE ROMANO.

ROMANS!

The Pontifical Government desires that you should lend yourselves to form the spectacle of the approaching Carnival by frequenting the Corso and the Festini; to the end that it may have the opportunity of repeating the falsehood that you are extremely happy under its subjection. Assuredly, however, the Pontifical Government will not find among the true sons of Rome any who will lend themselves to give a colour to this impudent lie.

While its obstinate love of power still deprives Rome of that prosperity which the capital of Italy would enjoy, while so many honourable families still weep their beloved ones disgraced, exiled, or imprisoned, while the number of these victims increases every day, while, instead of supplying bread to the people, the public money is drained to reorganize the Bourbon brigandage; the Pontifical Government invites us to

play the Bacchanalians, that Europe may believe us either stupid or contented, and thus may allow our misery to be prolonged. It is bitter mockery; and, though the Roman people know how to support their misfortunes with dignity, they will not allow themselves to be turned into derision.

The Corso and the Festini will be frequented by Bourbonites who await the coming summer to renew the incendiarism and rapine of banditti—by Zouaves and Sbirri, whom de Mérode allows to wear uniforms as various as are their offices; by those *employés*, either pusillanimous, or dishonest, or ignorant, who fear more a cold look from their present masters than they care for the future of their families; by the servile followers of the clergy, and by the affiliated brood of those Jesuits who, in gratitude to the temporal power, now treat with indulgence what they formerly condemned as sinful. For all these the cost will be defrayed by Peter's pence, and by the five millions which the honourable Bourbon is now issuing in bills of one hundred francs, stamped at Rome with the date of Gaeta; a loan so dishonest that assuredly the Roman Government will never be so foolish as to recognize it.

Romans! Leave it to those who feel themselves worthy of such noble and exalted company to frequent the Corso and the masquerades; for him who respects himself—for him who feels himself at the level of that high destiny which Providence reserves for Italy and her capital—for him let the ancient Forum of Rome, and every other spot where linger the memories of our former greatness, offer pleasures worthy of his acceptance. There, remembering how grand were the achievements of our forefathers, the true citizen of Rome will rejoice, for he will find therein the promise of our approaching resurrection, after so many centuries of misfortune.

Viva the Pontiff, not the King!

Viva Vittorio Emanuele, King of Italy!

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF ROME.

Rome, February 20, 1862.

Thus, then, the question is proposed. Will the Romans attend their Carnival, and show themselves before Europe as if happy and contented in their fetters? Or will they who for ages have been stigmatized as the nation abandoned to the love of public games, and asking not for liberty or glory but only for "*Panem et Circenses*,"—will they have the strength to keep away from the one great festival of the year, and, turning their backs on the gay and brilliant Corso, go and spend their hours of holiday in wandering round the solemn ruins of the Forum, knowing that by so doing they will be earning the deadly enmity of their masters, who will mark them down, man for man, on their black books, for the unrelenting hatred of a government of priests? Taking this great problem in our minds for solution, it became a matter of intense interest to see whether the Carnival would or would not be, this year, able to keep up its old popularity; and to judge who, and of what classes were those who frequented, and those who quitted it.

To comprehend the character of the scene, however, it was quite necessary to be acquainted with the *usual* display of festivity and splendour at a Roman Carnival, the multitudes of people and carriages who habitually thronged the streets during the week, and the spirit of exuberant gaiety and rejoicing which possessed them, almost to insanity, from the haughty Princes of Rome to the poorest of the mob. Let the following picture from Andersen's *Improvisatore* aid those who have never been present at such a scene to form some notion of it:—

The Carnival was all my thought. I went early in the morning to the Piazza del Popolo, that I might see the preparations for the races, and walked in the evening up and down the Corso to notice the gay Carnival dresses which were hung out, figures with masks, and in full costume. I hired the dress of an advocate, as being one of the merriest characters, and scarcely slept the whole night, that I might think over and regularly study my part.

The next day seemed to me like a festival; I was as happy as a child. All round about in the side streets the comfit-sellers set up their booths and tables, and displayed their gay wares. The Corso was swept, and gay carpets were hung from all the windows. The balconies were filled with foreigners of rank, the senator sat in purple, upon a throne of velvet; pretty little pages, with feathers in their velvet caps, stood before the Papal Swiss guard. Then came in a crowd of the most aged Jews, who kneeled down before the senator, and prayed for permission to live yet a year longer in Rome. The senator gave a gracious nod (the old custom of setting the foot upon the shoulder of the applicant was done away with), rose up amid a flourish of music, in procession, and, descending the steps, entered his maguificent carriage; and thus was the Carnival opened. The great bell of the Capitol rang for gladness, and I sped home quickly that I might assume my advocate's dress.

With much self-satisfaction I hastened down the street, where a throng of masks already saluted me. They were poor working people, who on these days acted like the richest nobility; their whole finery was the most original, and at the same time the cheapest in the world. They wore over their ordinary dress a coarse shirt stuck all over with lemon-peel, which was to represent great buttons, a bunch of green salad on their shoulders and sleeves, a wig of fennel, and great spectacles cut out of orange-peel.

I threatened them all with actions at law, showed them in my book of laws the regulations which forbade such luxurious-

ness in dress as theirs, and then, applauded by them all, hastened away down the Corso, which was changed from a street to a masquerade ball. From all the windows, and round all the balconies and boxes erected for the occasion, were hung bright-coloured carpets. All along by the house-sides stood an infinite number of chairs, "excellent places to see from," as those who had them to let declared. Carriages followed carriages, for the greatest part filled with masks, in two long rows; the one up, the other down. Some of these had even their wheels covered with laurel-twigs, the whole seeming like a moving pleasure-house; and amid these thronged the merry human crowd. All windows were filled with spectators. . . On the Piazzi Colonna was a band of music. The merry doctors and shepherdesses danced joyously around, even in the midst of the single troop of soldiers which, to preserve order, mechanically walked up and down the street among the carriages and the throng of human beings. Here I again began a profound speech, but there came up a writer, and then it was all over with me, for his attendant who ran before him with a great bell, jingled it so before my ears that I could not even hear my own words. At that moment, also, was heard the cannon shot, which was the signal that all carriages must leave the streets, and that the Carnival was over for that day. . . On the last day of the Carnival a sign was made which announced that all order in driving was at an end, and the glorious Moccolo, the splendid finale of the Carnival, had begun. The carriages now drove one amongst another, the confusion and the tumult became still greater, the darkness increased every minute, and every one lighted his little candle, some whole bundles of them. In every window lights were placed; houses and carriages in the quiet, glorious evening looked as if scattered over with these glimmering stars. Paper lanterns and pyramids of light swung upon tall poles across the street. Every one was endeavouring to protect his own light and to extinguish his neighbour's, whilst the cry "Sia ammazzato chi non porta moccolo!" sounded forth with increasing

wildness. . . A stranger who has never witnessed the scene can form no idea of the deafening noise, the tumult, and the throng. The air is thick and warm with the mass of human beings and the burning lights.*

Such was the Roman Carnival but a few years ago. Let us now judge what it was this same year of 1862. Soon after two o'clock on Saturday, the 22nd of February, we took our places in a balcony admirably situated near the centre of the Corso, and enabling us to judge tolerably well of the whole scene. The appearance of the street was pretty enough, though not very remarkable. The Corso (as all the world knows) is exceedingly narrow, but so long as to form the main artery of modern Rome. The irregularity of the architecture of the tall houses on either side, and the interruptions of a few splendid palaces, and of the Piazza Colonna, and Piazza San Carlo, give a certain degree of picturesqueness to the long perspective. Nearer inspection, however, does not exalt the scene: the pavement is intolerable, the trottoirs too narrow and broken to be of use, and the shops utterly mean and miserable, the best of them such as may be found in the second-rate streets of our third-rate towns. The monopolies granted by the Pontifical Government, and the thousand vexatious fetters on trade of all kinds, have reduced Roman commerce to a state bordering on inanition, from which it is only saved by the manufacture of the three or four specialities purchased by English visitors—namely, jewellery, copies

* *The Improvisatore,* by Andersen, chapters ix. and x.

of pictures, and Roman scarfs. Accordingly, except the shops for these articles, which are just passably good, and two or three *cafés*, there are actually none but wretched little *botteghe* of native comestibles or foreign clothing. Plate-glass is nearly unknown in Rome, or the commonest decorations of the shops in our provincial towns. Thus the view of this celebrated Corso, even with the advantages of a glorious day and all the white and red draperies aforesaid, presented at least only the equivalent of one of the humbler streets of Paris twenty years ago. To one who had witnessed, as I had done, the magnificent scene when Florence welcomed her chosen king in April, 1860, the idea of this being a great "*Festa*" was somewhat ridiculous. How the grand old city blossomed out that day in tricolours and garlands and hangings and banners beyond all number, till the beautiful streets flamed with red, white, and green! How triumphal arches, some graceful, some splendid, rose up all over the king's path! How the free people and their own free soldiers, all one and in perfect unity and order, lined the way and filled the scaffoldings and balconies and windows and roofs! How at last, when the cannon sounded, and we knew the king had reached the gates, there was a great hush, and then, as he rode in between Ricasoli and Cavour, the rough, blunt soldier bending his head, more in human emotion than in regal courtesy, how there burst from the people's heart one low, deep cry of welcome, unlike anything my ears ever heard before; and when he had swept by, how we saw each other's faces, pale and tearful, foreigners that we were, while the Tuscans

wept, and women fainted. And at night, how Florence shone one blaze of lamps—the poorest and meanest houses, each with its light in every window, while the Pitti and the Palazzo Vecchio and the Campanile were drawn in lines of flame against the evening sky, and Fiesole and Bellosguardo, and all down the Val d'Arno, and up far away into the hollows of the Apennines, sparkled the countless lights; and the marble Duomo blazed over all like a crown of fire offered by that rejoicing land to heaven. That *was* an Italian festival. But a Roman Carnival, tawdry and paltry and childish, commanded by priests, and kept in line by French bayonets,—shall we call this a Festa also?

The first day of a Carnival is always said to be the least showy, therefore we deemed that the display on the 22nd February was hardly a fair specimen of what was to follow. As it proved, however, it was nearly as good as any other day, and better than many; the description of it, therefore, may stand for the rest. Very curious was the study of the crowd which was collected to await the opening. Taking men, women, and children together, at *least* half of the whole number were soldiers, French and Italian. Vast numbers of these, and of mounted gendarmes, were in service and under arms; drawn swords and flashing bayonets forming a large share of the brilliancy of this *harmonious* festival. Besides these were soldiers of the line, zouaves, and dismounted hussars mingling with the crowd, in a proportion which seemed fabulous. Among them, conspicuous by their spinach-and-eggs uniforms, were the wretched remains of the Irish Brigade. Nothing can

be more absurd and pitiful than the condition of these poor fellows. Misled by their only instructors, the priests, and fired with an enthusiasm precisely resembling in character that which precipitated half Europe upon the Holy Land six centuries ago, these Irishmen arrived here in Rome, believing that they were to be the bulwark of the Church, the defenders of the triple crown of "God's vicegerent on earth." After a few months of privation, disaster, and disgrace, the greater number of them, with their chief (worthy of a better cause), returned home in every stage of destitution. Only a small band remained, and they are to be seen everywhere throughout Rome, loitering about by twos and threes, their hands stuck in the pockets of their peg-top trousers, the yellow gaiter or white stocking displaying in full the huge Milesian foot, and the honest red Irish face looking utterly out of place under the Frenchified foraging cap, and amid the crowd of sallow and dark-eyed Italians.

Beside the soldiers, the Carnival seemed chiefly to be maintained by a numerous society of small boys profiting by the holidays of the season to pursue a serious traffic in second-hand nosegays and *confetti* swept up out of the dust. Imagine not, oh reader! that these Roman urchins are in any way to be likened to the all too-sagacious *gamins* of Paris, or the facetious ragamuffin of London, whose exuberant fun has been immortalized by *Punch*. Often have I thought, while visiting their schools or watching in the streets these poor little dull, slow-moving Italian children, how strange was the difference between them and the sharp, naughty,

untameable, but altogether amusing and hopeful, "City Arabs" of our English ragged schools. Ask these Roman boys a question in theology, and they will patter away as glibly as possible an answer out of their catechisms. Tell them to say grace, and they will gabble Latin for ten minutes; make them write, and they will indite an Italian equivalent for the abominable proverb that "honesty is the best policy," in miraculous text. But try and take to these children, or watch them at their play, and all is dulness and stupidity. No rushing, scampering out of school, with impromptu "leap-frog" over their companions; no holloaing, shouting, laughing, climbing on perilous walls for peril's sake, and tumbling head over heels solely to reverse the natural order of things. Still less will you receive any such queer, droll answers to your questions as those you will hear every day in our great towns. "Conscience, ma'am?" said a City Arab to me once. "You wants to know what's a conscience? Conscience is a thing a gemman hasn't got who, when a boy finds his pocket-book, and gives it back, doesn't give him sixpence!" Lives there the Roman boy who could give such a reply? Poor little urchins, they are swathed up in infancy in their atrocious swaddling clothes, unable to move a limb for the first six months of their lives. Then they are bundled up in stupid, heavy clothes; and, when they grow older, ten to one but they go to some priest's school and wear long cloth garments trailing to the ground. The physical check is completed by mental restraint; and the result is that a Roman boy of twelve or fourteen is about the

dullest mortal under the sun. There they are, this Carnival holiday, not laughing, playing, or attempting to dress themselves up as our poorest children do for May-day or Guy Faux. No; the often-inculcated supreme virtue of prudence is in full action already, and they have one and all an eye to the main chance, and to that only. As the nosegays fall from carriages and balconies, thrown by unskilful hands, half a dozen boys dart at them, and the nearest, having seized his prize, proceeds immediately, quite gravely, and as a matter of business, to offer it at the same or the next balcony for two bajocchi. Likewise when the dirty lime *confetti* have been thrown in sufficient numbers to form a sprinkling on the ground, the astute juveniles proceed to sweep them up carefully, and then present them, dust and all, for further use—price one bajoccho, or half a bajoccho. There is very little scrambling in all this; no shouting, no laughing, no boyish triumph in success: it is a profession, as professionally pursued as that of the poor wretches who nightly fill their baskets out of the heaps of filth which the sublime sanitary arrangements of Rome establish permanently at every corner, with their title of "Immondezzaio" printed over them (notwithstanding which invitation the Romans will by no means refrain from throwing their rubbish everywhere else with equal liberty).

Besides soldiers and boys, and a few women of very doubtful appearance, the Corso contains about a fourth proportion of men of the lowest orders. They seem to be workmen of the humbler classes, artisans of poor trades, labourers, and the very weak Italian equivalent

for our "roughs." Very few are moderately well dressed; but even these do not seem to be *enjoying* the Carnival, and why they come to the Corso at all is a mystery. They saunter up and down, now and then looking with a sort of patronizing pity on the "forestieri," who think they are making a true Roman Carnival; but as to taking any part themselves beyond sauntering, and staring, and smoking bad tobacco, it is manifestly out of their thoughts.

But are there no masqueraders, no fancy dresses? Among the people on foot there is about one in every three or four hundred,—not masked, that is forbidden, but in a calico domino (good English calico, we are told, price two scudi and a half), or now and then with an attempt at the dress of a sailor or a harlequin. These masqueraders try to obtain attention by strutting about and hitting passengers with their various missiles, but nobody seems very fond of them. Perhaps there is some good reason. As we see one of the most conspicuous come up the Corso towards our balcony, we all exclaim spontaneously, "Why, that is our spy; the man who dodges us everywhere." At the same moment he sees us, and sees that we see him, and instantly wheels about and betakes himself in the opposite direction.

But there are the balconies, and all up and down the long street may be seen ladies and gentlemen filling these projecting standing-places, and also occupying a few little niches into which the shop-fronts have ingeniously been transformed. Who are they—what are they? No. 1. Primo piano, English; 2nd piano,

ditto; 3rd piano, Codini and priests. No. 2. 1st piano, English; 2nd piano, ditto; 3rd piano, Neapolitans; 4th piano, housemaids; 5th piano (on the roof), an English clergyman and his family, hoping to escape observation. No. 3. 1st piano, a Neapolitan noble family; 2nd piano, shut up; 3rd piano, English;—and so on, and so on. Precisely the same holds good with the carriages. Where by some accident they are not occupied by English ladies and gentlemen, they are filled by Neapolitan refugees or else by the lowest dregs of the populace. It is impossible to attach any sort of confidence to the reports circulating in Rome. It is necessary for an Englishman to live for some months in a country where there is no newspaper worth the name, no public courts of justice, no coroner's inquest, to be be able to form a conception of the ignorance in which we live in Rome of the most important events or fatal catastrophes which may happen at our very doors. If no English friend has chanced to witness the occurrence with his own eyes, we are all in the dark for ever. Thus I state the reports current about the Carnival with no pretension to exactitude, only demanding confidence in the matters I report from my own personal observation. But there certainly appeared ground for the popular belief, that at the close of the Carnival, when its failure was becoming too obvious, the Government actually took a number of criminals out of the gaols and sent them in dominos, driving up and down the Corso, to make an appearance of numbers. The behaviour of many of the ruffians who filled the vehicles could not certainly have been worse had such

been the case. Rough, rude, and coarse, one hardly knew from what part of courteous Italy they could have come, unless Naples and her brigands supplied them. It will have been noticed in the ridiculous edict I have quoted, that it is forbidden to throw *confetti* or nosegays out of the Corso, or to use them of injurious materials. Nevertheless, during the Carnival hours it was quite dangerous to pass on foot through the adjacent streets, for no man or woman was secure from the insults of these ruffians. On one occasion I was myself driving down the Babuino, when I received a blow on the face from a filthy *mazzo* of weed-stalks, with a pebble in the midst, which nearly cut open my cheek.

The first day of Carnival I imagined that I counted eleven or twelve carriages, of which all but two were unquestionably English. My calculation, however, was treated as exorbitant by other spectators, and seven or eight were believed to be the maximum of the whole day, not counting the gingerbread coaches of *the* Senator of Rome and the municipal authorities who opened the festival. It is a good idea of itself, that of *the* Senator, the solitary senator of Rome! There is an old Joe Miller story of some poor Paddy or Mike, who being interrogated in '98, confessed, "Please your honour! I am *an* United Irishman." But the Popes have surpassed their Hibernian disciples in the art of making bulls, since they can create such a thing as *a* senator where there is no senate, a "conscript father" who is *conscripted* only to meet himself! In a very fine gilt coach, and in a very pretty court dress, drives down the Corso to open the Carnival this Senator, who resumes in

his sole person the dignity of that mighty order before whose majestic presence, as they sat on their ivory thrones, the savage Gauls stood awestruck, and who in later times became the arbiters of the destiny of the world—"Oh, what a falling off was here!" But what are all things in Rome save fallings off! SPQR still decorates a thousand public edifices, but the "*Senate*" is reduced to "the Senator;" and *the People* of Rome, what voice or share have they in anything in their own city? We shall see by and by how their own streets are not their own to walk through at noonday, when it pleases their masters to shut them out of them.

This, then, was the show of the first day of Carnival from two o'clock till six. Troops, troops, troops, in service and off service, on foot and horseback, to guard the Corso, to people the Corso, to clear the Corso. Then the gilt coaches as aforesaid; then the eight, ten, or twelve carriages; some common open *flys;* some drags covered with calico, with Englishmen and women in all, save two, driving up and down, up and down, throwing nosegays to ladies on the balconies, and receiving the like in return. Very long intervals occurred between the carriages. The good bouquets ran short, and hideous little bunches of weeds were substituted, and the odious lime *confetti*, and lime which was *not confetti*, soon covered everybody with a dirty dust like that of a mill. At last six o'clock arrived. Three guns were fired, and then there rushed down the street five or six poor horses, terrified and goaded by the screams of the people and by pieces of sharp brass fastened to their harness so as to spur them at every

motion. This is the famous race which charity at length substituted for the pastime of making the Jews of the Ghetto run the gauntlet of the Corso annually for Christian delectation. To this day the Jews are obliged actually to pay for their four-footed substitutes, by giving prizes of pieces of silk and velvet to the winner.

With this cruel sport closed the first day of Carnival. The play was small and poor enough at the best. Had there been no English there, it might be truly affirmed there could have been no Carnival at all. On Monday the state of affairs was almost the same as on Saturday. On Tuesday there were in all sixteen carriages. On Wednesday, as the day was showery, there were precisely *two*. To understand the magnitude of the change indicated by these numbers, let it be remembered that in former years the whole length of the Corso was filled by a close double file of carriages passing up and down at foot pace; the Piazzo del Popolo and the adjoining streets overflowed with the throng; and it might be said that the whole city gave itself up unreservedly to the sport. Every creature who could afford it was disguised in some way, and the rich wore splendid costumes, and made brilliant pageants of their carriages. From fifteen hundred or eighteen hundred carriages, to eight, sixteen, and two; from princely masquers to this dull and dirty mob—is assuredly something of a change. The character and rank of the people who now took their places in the Carnival carriages was even a greater change than in the number of the vehicles themselves. Formerly it was the whole splendid *noblesse* of Rome, the ambassadors and visitors from all the other States

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of Italy and of Europe. Now, with the exception of the eternal English and one Spanish carriage, the drags and hack britzkas were filled by the refuse of the city, leaving it, as before mentioned, a grave and reasonable subject of doubt as to whether they were not criminals released from the prisons for this pious work. Indulgences of twenty years, which were certainly offered, seemed to affect only the most miserable class of the population.

Such, then, was the state of affairs in the Corso. Let us see how things fared in the Forum.

For each of the first days of the Carnival there was a certain number of calm and resolute looking men of the burgher class walking and conversing together quietly up and down the principal Forum. From two till six there were always several hundreds coming and going. The word had been given, however, that the chief assembly should take place on Thursday, and therefore those who had occupations only quitted them on that day, simply refraining previously from visiting the Carnival, after the fashion hitherto universal. At three o'clock, then, on Thursday, I drove to the Forum, expecting to find perhaps some one or two thousand patriots there assembled. But what a sight greeted me on entering that place, usually so silent and desolate! The whole vast arena was crowded with men, not only filling the avenues, but thronging the banks of ruins on every side, and even gathered in the sunken spaces where stand the columns of the temples on the pavement of the ancient city. Farther on, past the Temple of Concord, and through the Arch of Titus, down the old

rough Roman pavement to the great open space before and around the Coliseum, and up through the Arch of Constantine, the mass of human beings extended. Noble-looking men they were; such representatives of the Roman people as I had not believed were to be found. Stalwart and handsome, three-fourths of them would have been fit to make as fine volunteers as any in England; and on this day, their countenances having cast off the gloom which seems to weigh over the whole nation at other times, looked radiant with confidence and enthusiasm. In every sense they formed a most remarkable assembly. Not for a moment could they have been called a *mob*. I did not see twenty "roughs" among the twenty thousand, not five beggars (*mirabile dictu* in Rome), not one of that hideous class of gaunt and grimy outcasts who never fail to surge up out of their unseen dens into the daylight on the occasions of public excitement amongst us. All were dressed as became men of the middle rank, tradesmen, artists, and artisans in Sunday attire. Many brought their respectable looking wives and daughters, to the number of a fifth or sixth of the assembly, including the ladies in carriages. There was no sort of reason why they should not be there. Everything was as calm and quiet as in Hyde Park on a summer Sunday. Nobody wore the tricolor; nobody attempted to raise the cry which was in every one's heart—"Viva il Rè d'Italia!" They all knew right well that their presence there was itself the sufficient demonstration, and that any act which gave excuse for their enemies to disperse them would have been to injure their cause. There were plenty of

troops ready to attack them had they given such excuse; French troops all of them, except a few Papal gendarmes. Goyon had insisted that the Italian soldiers, who naturally were far more offensive to the people, should not on this day, as on the previous ones, insult them by their presence. The French troops marched up and down at intervals with bayonets fixed, and the French captain of the city rode through the crowd continually, followed by his aides, but nothing further was attempted. The hours passed on, and the crowd grew thicker. From four till six o'clock, I drove up and down, my carriage forming one of a compact double file which extended from the Capitol to the Coliseum. Half round the giant ruin and through all the space below were crowds of vehicles drawn up, some of the humbler class, some belonging to the Roman nobles. Closer and closer they pressed, till it took half an hour to pass through the narrow Arch of Titus into the Forum above.

But no details of facts like these can convey the impression of that great scene—a nation's silent protest against its wrongs, made *there* in that old Forum of Rome, where every stone was a memory of their fathers' glory. Oppressed for months as every free-born man and woman must feel in Rome by the sense of tyranny and wrong (all the more odious because they leave us unmolested while grinding those around us to the dust), it was like escaping out of the Pontine Marshes to the breezy summits of the Apennines, to pass out of the streets of Rome into that assembly of patriots.

At last the bright Italian day came to its close, and

as the last rays of the setting sun ceased to play through the arches of the Coliseum, the people prepared to depart, calmly and peacefully, yet with one further intention of proving their purpose in coming thither. Up the hill of the Capitol they walked, and then poured over the splendid piazza where stands the statue of Marcus Aurelius,* all walking in close column and in regular step. Their leaders seemed perfectly understood, and the word to proceed or to halt was instantly obeyed. The French troops, who occupy one wing of the Capitol, viewed the parties with evident amazement. But there was no arresting twenty thousand men; and so on they marched in perfect military order across the square and down the giant slopes of stairs into the Piazza del Ara Cæli, and so away, gradually dispersing below. The demonstration was thus complete. It had been proved that the whole people who had a right to be considered the citizens of Rome, disdained to attend their great national festival under present circumstances. It had been proved that they preferred, at every risk, to show their hopes of national regeneration by obeying the dictates of the liberal committee, and assembling in the Forum this year, even as last year they had gone out towards the old Mons Sacer from the Porta Pià.

* It is little known that this statue, the grandest in the world, represents the magnanimous Emperor in the act of pardoning and releasing his German captives and rebels. A bas-relief in the adjoining gallery shows the whole scene, and Marcus Aurelius in the same attitude. Shall we ever see a statue of that old heathen's *Christian* successors on the Roman throne forgiving *their* political captives?

Finally, it was proved they were in perfect co-operation together, under leaders to whom military headships would immediately be conceded if needful. The day's work was well done.

On Friday the Liberals resolved to go to the Corso, for the precise reason that on account of the fast there would be no Carnival, and their presence there in large masses would of course mark the difference of their absence on other days. Accordingly, in the afternoon they commenced filling the street in their usual quiet manner. This was more, however, than most holy tempers could bear. The Pope and his ministers were perfectly furious. Last year they had sent the detested executioner to disgrace the Liberal gathering at the Porta Pià, but without the smallest success. That "dodge," therefore, could not be tried again. Something much worse was resolved on. It was thought, as on St. Joseph's Day, in 1860, that a little bloodletting was needful for the feverish population, and that that favourite Italian remedy had better be applied without delay. De Mérode, therefore, ordered that the Pontifical cavalry, as soon as the street was full, should charge the unarmed people, and cut them down without reserve. It is further confidently asserted that cannon from the Piazza del Popolo were to rake the street in advance. For the truth of this latter statement I cannot positively vouch, but of the other no doubt whatever exists, and the proof was clear. General Goyon hearing of De Mérode's intention, instantly forbade its fulfilment, declaring he would take on himself to preserve order, by his French troops alone. Without

a minute's delay, he sent all the Pontifical soldiers back to their barracks, and placed his own all down the Corso, from which they instantly expelled every creature, whether walking or driving; double guards, with bayonets fixed, were placed at both ends, and at the corner of every cross street, and for the five busiest hours of the day, the whole main thoroughfare of Rome was utterly closed. To imagine the effect of such an act, one has to conceive what it would be to clear Piccadilly and the Strand, or the Rue Rivoli, from two o'clock till sunset, allowing no creature to walk down it, or a vehicle of any sort to pass along it. Goyon himself only, with his staff, rode up and down the whole afternoon. At the same time, large detachments with stands of arms were stationed in all the adjoining Piazzas. Assuredly the Liberals had here gained another great point, since their unarmed demonstration was considered so important and formidable as to need such a colossal display of military force.

It was not to be supposed that the wrath of the priestly government would stop at the mere prevention of disturbance. Victims they were determined to find, and unhappily some feminine treachery put the means of doing so in their hands. Domiciliary visits ended in the arrest of thirty or thirty-five Liberals, the number being yet uncertain, and likely to remain so in a country where there is no *Habeas Corpus*, and no public trial of any kind. A paper which they found, and which would have compromised many inferior names, was fortunately in a cipher beyond their powers of explanation. The invaluable printing-press also remained undiscovered.

The incarceration of these ten patriots (a temporary one it needs must be) is therefore deeply to be deplored, for their sakes; but the interests of their party will not, it is hoped, essentially suffer. One of them, named De Angelis, a *mercante di campagna*, or large farmer, and Signor Venanzi (not Penanzi, as most of the papers called him)—are both men of some note. It is not believed that any of these gentlemen formed a portion of the mysterious National Committee. The circumstance which gave rise to the report that that body had been discovered and arrested was the ridiculous blunder of the *sbirri*, who mistook a list of names of subscribers to Cavour's monument for a list of members of the Committee. The manner in which the perquisitions of these myrmidons are effected is particularly suited to lead to such discoveries of "mares' nests." In the case of one gentleman, they seized on some common Florentine studs in his dressing-box, bearing the cross of Savoy, with much the same triumph as witch-finders pounced on a black cat in an old woman's cottage as an irrefragable proof of dealings with the Evil One. Proceeding further to examine his photographic album, and discovering the *cartes de visite* of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, the filthy wretches called "officers of justice" *spat* upon the photographs till they were destroyed. Further on in the book they came on the portrait of Napoleon III., whereupon they remarked to one another, "Ah, we will leave this one *for the present*." Worse evidences of their brutality were given in the arrest of one young gentleman, the only son of a poor widowed lady, who is dying of cancer. The poor mother was

alarmed in the dead of the night by the violent breaking up of the furniture in her son's room, and the hammers of the *muratori* pulling up floors and opening walls to discover papers. Whatever was found was supposed to be enough to incriminate the young man, and he was torn from his dying mother, to be thrust, God knows for how long, into the dungeons of San Michele. Heaven grant that he and his friends may be liberated ere it be too late to save them—not by their priestly foes, of that there is no hope—but by the arms of a rejoicing and liberated nation.

The last days of the Carnival had now arrived. Monday and Tuesday were to conclude it, as Lent commenced on Wednesday. Redoubled efforts were made to bring the "festivities" to an end without too obvious failure. Tuesday evening especially, it was hoped, would make amends, with its usually brilliant conclusion, for past dulness. The driving, and the balconies, and confetti, and bouquets, and horse-races, had been failures, or nearly so. The masked balls, or "festini," had been dull and dead beyond example. Hope yet remained in the moccoletti. The intellectual and rational diversion of lighting small tapers and flaring them about, scattering grease and danger of conflagration on all sides, while friends and acquaintances struggle to extinguish the flame, and exclaim, when successful, the sacramental words, "Senza moccolo;" this manly pastime of the *senatus populusque Romanum* yet held out promise of success. Lived there indeed a Roman with soul so dead as to resist the moccoletti? Who could believe it?

The day arrived. The pelting of lime and weeds was

duller than ever. Even the cruel sight of the horse-race fell dead. Frightened brutes run very much the same one day with another, and eight days of it were enough. Finally, the short twilight of Italy commenced, and people began to light the little tapers which dealers were selling diligently in the street with an air of business worthy of all admiration. A few dozen soon glimmered down the Corso and in the drawing-rooms on either side. Moccoletti for ever! Moccoletti will yet save the Carnival, the Church, the world!

Oh, adverse fate! oh, unpropitious heavens! At that moment softly and sweetly descended a refreshing shower of rain. Out went the moccoletti, up went the umbrellas with which, of course, the English part of the audience were armed at all hazards. The Carnival was over!

A DAY AT THE DEAD SEA.

The world's beauty is for ever young, but the world's awe and terror are rapidly passing away. The halo of mystery which once hung over a hundred hills and groves and caverns is dissipating before our eyes like a resolvable nebula in Lord Rosse's telescope. The Sphynx is no enigma now. That solemn face, blasted by the suns and storms of sixty centuries, has been admirably photographed, and we shall no doubt all place it shortly along with other interesting characters, as a *carte de visite* in our albums. Dagon, the "thrice battered god of Palestine," who seemed to us once so awful a personage, has been dragged out of his grave in Sennacherib's burned and buried palace, and set up like a naughty boy in a corner in the British Museum. Scylla and Charybdis, where are their terrors now? Is not Charybdis traversed, and does not Scylla echo, every Monday and Thursday, the puffs of the steamboats of the Messageries Impériales? The cave of Trophonius and the fountain of Ammon, Styx and Acheron, Delphic groves and Theban tombs, have we not rifled and sketched and vulgarized them all? Pic-nics are held, as Mr. Trollope assures us, in the valley of Jehoshaphat and the very sepulchre of St. James. Even that far-

off shrine immortalized by Calderon—the terror-haunted "Purgatory" beneath the waters of—

> That dim lake
> Where sinful souls their farewell take
> Of this sad world,

has it not become the scene of "pattens" to which we blushingly confess having once ourselves made a pilgrimage—*in a tandem!*

But there is still some faint lingering shadow of the terrible and the sublime in our ideas of the Dead Sea—the accursed Asphaltites. True, we have unhappily discovered all about it—its topography, hydrography, and chemical analysis. We know that birds fly over it and fish swim in it, and that the pillar designated as Lot's Wife (or "Mrs. Salter," as we once heard a child call that ill-fated lady) is the result of a secular abrasion of certain saline and bituminous deposits. Still, when all is said, "Mare Mortuum" is an awe-inspiring name. If there be anything which ought not to die, it is a sea—the "image of eternity," the emblem of life and motion, which Byron could adjure:

> Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,
> Such as Creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now.

But here is a sea not dowered with the immortal youth of the ever-leaping ocean, but dead—dead for three thousand years; ay, dead and damned to boot—the accursed Lake of Sodom! We confess it with shame (for it was a piece of crass ignorance), we had never constructed out of our moral consciousness, or out of any book of travels, any definite idea of a Dead Sea

before we actually saw it with our eyes. It had remained one of those blessed dark corners of the imagination, wherein the terrible yet peeps out at us, as in childhood awful eyes used to do, from the deep bays of the room after dark, when we sat by our mother's knees in the red firelight before the candles were brought, and heard her stories of wolves and lost children in a wood. If it had been proposed to us as a practicable excursion to visit Ogre's House, or Giant Despair's Castle, or Bluebeard's Red Chamber, we should have gone with as nearly as possible the same feelings of delight as we started for our journey on the morning of our "Day at the Dead Sea." In the faint hope that in this era of tourists and readers of tourists' books there may yet survive some few as ignorant as ourselves to whom we could convey a share of our impressions of interest and pleasure, we shall indite a brief record of that little experience. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we are often tempted to say. But it must be owned there are some days in the East which it would be hard to parallel with any month in Europe, however replete with excitement and interest. At least, in our own lives, "a day in Cairo, a day at the Pyramids, a day in Jerusalem, a day at Baalbec, and this day at the Dead Sea," have had no equals, even in Athens or Rome.

As we are to speak of the land where time is counted from sunset to sunset, our day must begin, like that of Eden, in the evening.

Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at—that is to

say, for people with prejudices on the subject of centipedes. The ground where the tents of pilgrims are pitched affords every possible opportunity for the study of those entertaining *articulata,* and of course it is quite impossible in a tent to exercise anything else but hospitality towards any visitors who may choose to "drop in." True that for travellers of the nobler sex, the grand old monastery of Mar Saba opens its doors and offers the purest spiritual consolation in the shape of surpassingly excellent raki (the most unmitigated alcohol known). But for an unholy "Hajjin" (or female pilgrim) like the writer no such luck was in store. The convent of St. Saba must never be polluted by feminine Balmorals, and the society of the centipedes was quite good enough for us. It was accordingly with no small perturbation of mind that, before retiring to rest, we investigated the manners and customs of those remarkable creatures. On a small bush of broom—the original Planta-genista of the most royal of kingly races—we discovered about three or four dozen of our friends, long and black, and vicious-looking in the extreme. Placing my gauntlelt alongside of one of them as a measure, it appeared that the centipede was somewhat longer than the glove, or about six inches from tip to tail. All down the sides the little black legs moved in the most curious way from four or five centres of motion (ganglia, I suppose), so that he looked like a very fine black comb, down which somebody slowly drew four or five fingers. Did he bite, or did he sting—and could he crawl fast, and was he not likely to establish himself for the night where we were keeping open house,

or rather tent? Nay (frightful reflection), was there anything to prevent him and his congeners ensconcing themselves in our beds? We confess that it was with terrible misgivings we slept that night the sleep of people who have been eleven hours in the saddle, and burning was our indignation against asceticism in general, and the prejudices of St. Saba in particular, on the subject of the admission of petticoats to his monastery. The good Franciscans at Ramleh (the Arimathea of Scripture) had known better, and allotted to us a dormitory, where, however, we had some small but assiduous attendants, through whose ministrations we were (as good people say) "grievously exercised," and obliged to pass the night in researches more nearly connected with entomology than with biblical antiquities.

No; Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at, but we did sleep in spite of the centipedes. For my part, at least, I slept so soundly and with such vivid dreams of far-off green woods of the west, and dear ones parted by thousands of miles, that when wakened at midnight by the howling of the wild beasts of the wilderness, it was all but impossible to recover the sense of reality, or rather to know whereon to fix it—on the natural home-like dream of the little child with her arms around my neck, sitting under the old trees, or on the weird picture before my eyes at the tent door—the wild hollow in the desolate hills, and the group of our well-armed guard of Arabs around the watch-fire; while beyond them Orion, burning in all the glory of a Syrian night, was slowly sinking behind the desert mountains of Judæa.

It is strange how everything in the simple life of tents suggests the analogies of the moral life. A journey in the desert is like reading a series of parables. We are then truly "pilgrims and sojourners on earth," —the place which has known us for one brief day will know us no more for ever. We really thirst for cooling fountains, and pant under the burning sun for "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The simple realities of existence, which so rarely approach us at all in the orderly and over-finished life of England, where we slide, without jolt or jar from the cradle to the grave, along the smooth rails laid down by civilization, are present once more in the wildernesses of the East. That very morning at Mar Saba, as we watched our tents taken down, and all traces of our brief encampment passing away, to be renewed as transitorily elsewhere at night, it forced itself on my mind more clearly than ever before, how the noblest aim of life could only be

> Nightly to pitch our moving tents
> A day's march nearer home ;

—a real full day's pilgrimage in the right direction. And, alas! *per contra*, how few of the easily numbered days allotted to us seem actually to forward us one step thitherward!

Whether it be from these associations with great realities, or from its wondrously healthy effect (making "well" a positive condition, and not, as usual, a mere negation of being "ill"), or from what other occult suitability to humanity, I know not; but decidedly the tent life is beyond all others attractive and fascinating.

At first, being sufficiently fond of the comfortable, I dreaded it greatly; but after two or three nights, the spell it never fails to exercise fell on me, and I wished it could go on for months. It seems as if, at bottom of the Saxon nature, there is some unsuspected corner which always echoes joyously to the appeal,

> Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate.

Whether it be

> To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,

or to

> Antres vast and deserts idle,

like those of Mar Saba, it is all the same. Only "let us go on—on to a new life; and let the traces of the old be swept away as rapidly as may be." "Let the dead Past bury its dead."

Is all this natural and wise, or utterly wrong and foolish? I am not quite persuaded; but at any rate it is of little consequence to decide the question, for our English climate settles the matter for us, practically, very decisively. How did Robin Hood and Maid Marian ever escape rheumatism and catarrh?

Our English progress is, I hope, of a more real sort than that of the Arab, whose tent is the only thing connected with him which *does* move. After four thousand years the Scheikh of Hebron has probably not varied an iota from the costume, the habits, or the acquirements of Abraham. The immobility of everything in the East is like that of the boulder-stones laid at intervals for landmarks across the plains, as regularly to-day as when Moses cursed the man who should

remove them three thousand years ago. The tents move, but all else is stationary. Our houses, on the contrary, remain from age to age, while all things else are in continual change. Where are now the costumes, the habits, the ideas of our ancestors, not three thousand, but three hundred years ago? Yet we live in their homes and worship in their churches, while the Syrian's tent has moved and changed uncounted times in the same interval. May those "stately homes of England" stand firm for many an age; and may we never advance to that doctrine of the Yankee in Hawthorn's *House of the Seven Gables*, "that it is an insolence for any man to build a house which should outlast his own life, and oblige his son to dwell in the chambers he had designed, and not in those of his own original choice!" It is hardly to be measured, I think, how much of the best and tenderest family feelings amongst us are due to the old house, wherein all associations are centred, wherein each member of the race feels pride, where the pictures of our forefathers hang side by side on the walls, and their dust rests together in the vault hard by. Shame is it that such deep human feelings as these should be soiled by vulgar pride of rank or wealth, or monopolized by the rich alone, as if they were not equally the birthright of the humblest family who could possess their English cottage or Highland shelty, and who *might* attach to them equally all the affections which would sanctify the castle or the palace. It is not the grandeur of the house, nor the artistic merit of the family pictures, nor the splendour of the funeral monuments which give them their power. It is the great Divine

institution of the family which gives to the hearth its sanctity, and to the picture, and chair, and tree, and grave, their influence over our hearts. To raise and ennoble the poor we must surely in every way possible strengthen and elevate the reverence for family ties. We must secure for them the power of earning by their industry homes which shall be really homes—not lodging-houses or temporary tenancies; but homes wherein may grow up those sentiments of honest pride, of mutual *solidarité* (making each member of the family interested in the honour and welfare of all the rest), of grateful youth and tenderly nurtured age, which may at last drive away the plague of pauperism from our land. Wherever this state of things is approached, as in Cumberland, Switzerland, and parts of France (the department of Seine-et-Marne, for instance), the moral results seem of unmixed good, whatever may be the commercial consequences as regards the farming of the land. There are dreamers whose fanaticism, springing from violent recalcitration at the world's wrongs and cruelties, we cannot but in a measure honour, who would proceed on an opposite plan. I suppose every heart open to a generous feeling has in youth experienced the attraction of some communistic scheme wherein labour should become unselfish, and poverty, with all its train of sins and woes, be wiped from the destinies of man. These philanthropists would say, "Leave your old houses to perish, or turn Leigh Hall into a phalanstery." But if there were no other flaws in the project, this one would suffice. The family is an institution of the Creator, the community is an institution of man. However well

planned, with whatever apparent provision for the family to spread its roots and flourish within the walls of the community, the tree will in the lapse of time burst its way and break down the walls. There is a deep, hidden antagonism between the two, which, as each grows, is more and more developed. When it comes to a contest between God's plan and man's plan, we can have little doubt which will be beaten in the long run. Assuredly it is *through* the Divine institution of the family, not against it; by increasing and elevating its influence, and restoring it when it has been crushed out by sin and misery, that we shall help mankind.

It was a glorious morning at Mar Saba. By four o'clock we were all dressed and breakfasting while our tents were taken down, and some twenty or thirty recalcitrant mules and donkeys first caught and then laden. A merry and pretty scene is the departure from a camp; and then, on those bright dawning days, the sense of life and health becomes an almost exuberant happiness. We learn there at last—what so many of us forget after childhood—that simply to exist in health is a blessing and a joy;—to breathe the morning air, awakened from the sound slumbers of real fatigue—to eat rough food with keen appetite—to mount the willing, spirited Syrian horse, and start for the long day's travel with the sun mounting into the cloudless sky of Palestine, and the wide wilderness of hills stretching around and away as far as eye can reach;—all this is joy of itself. We feel inclined to say, as the scheikh did to Layard, "Oh, sorrowful dwellers in cities! May Allah have mercy upon them! Is there any *kef* like this, to ride

through the flowers of the desert?" Truly it is better thus (once in a way, at all events), than to be for ever, "with blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

As we rode out of the little valley of our encampment, and down by the convent of Mar Saba, we obtained a complete view of the whole *hermit burrow*, for such it may properly be considered. Mar Saba is the very ideal of a desert. It lies amid the wilderness of hills, not grand enough to be sublime, but only monotonous and hopelessly barren. So white are these hills, that at first they appear to be of chalk, but further inspection shows them to be of whitish rock, with hardly a trace of vegetation growing anywhere over it. On the hills there is sometimes an inch of soil over the rock; in the valleys there are torrents of stones over the inch of soil. Between our mid-day halt at Derbinerbeit (the highest land in Judæa), and the evening rest at Mar Saba, our whole march had been in utter solitude—not a village, a tent, a caravan, a human being in sight. Not a tree or bush. Of living creatures hardly a bird to break the dead silence of the world, only a large and venomous snake crawling beside our track. Thus far from human haunts, in the heart of the wilderness of Judæa, lies Mar Saba. Fit approach to such a shrine! Through the arid, burning rocks a profound and sharply-cut chasm suddenly opens and winds, forming a hideous valley, such as may exist in the unpeopled moon, but which probably has not its equal in our world for rugged and blasted desolation. There is no brook or stream in the depths of the ravine. If a torrent may ever rush down it after the thunder-

storms with which the country is often visited, no traces of water remain even in early spring. Barren, burning, glaring rocks alone were to be seen on every side. Far up on the cliff, like a fortress, stand the gloomy, windowless walls of the convent; but along the ravine, in almost inaccessible gorges of the hills, are caves and holes half-way down the precipice, the dwellings of the hermits. Here, in a den fit for a fox or a hyæna, one poor soul had died just before our visit, after *five-and-forty years* of self incarceration. Death had released him, but many more remained, and we could see some of them from the distant road as we passed, sitting in the mouths of their caverns, or walking on the little ledges of rock they had smoothed for terraces. Of course their food (such as it is) is conveyed to them, or let down from the cliffs from the convent at needful intervals. Otherwise they live absolutely alone—alone in this hideous desolation of nature, with the lurid, blasted desert for their sole share in God's beautiful universe. We are all, I suppose, accustomed to think of a hermit as our poets have painted him, dwelling serene in

> A lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless continuity of shade,

undisturbed by all the ugly and jarring sights and sounds of our grinding civilization, sleeping calmly on his bed of fern, feeding on his pulse and cresses, and drinking the water from the brook.

> He kneels at morn and noon and eve,
>   He hath a cushion plump,
> It is the moss that wholly hides
>   The rotted old oak stump.

But the hermits of Mar Saba, how different are they from him who assoiled the Ancient Mariner? No holy cloisters of the woods, and sound of chanting brooks, and hymns of morning birds—only this silent burning waste—this "desolation deified." It seemed as if some frightful aberration of the religious sentiment could alone lead men to choose for home, temple, prison, tomb, the one spot of earth where no flower springs to tell of God's tenderness, no soft dew, nor sweet sound ever falls to preach faith and love.

There are many such hermits still in the Greek Church. I have seen their eyries perched where only vultures should have their nests, on the cliffs of Caramania, and among the caverns of the Cyclades. Anthony and Stylites have left behind them a track of evil glory, along which many a poor wretch still "crawls to heaven along the devil's trail." Is it indeed easier to do "some great thing"—to make some wondrous life-long sacrifice, or suffer some terrific martyrdom for God's sake, than simply to obey the law of love to Him and our neighbour? How can it be that, when these monstrous sacrifices are asked by any creed, however base and low (like the Paganism of India), the victims are never wanting, and where the sole demand is, "Give me thine heart," there is no response, or but a poor, faint, miserable one? Shame on us that so it should be!

On we rode past the defile of the poor hermits, and out upon the hills beyond Mar Saba. Steep hills they were; and for four hours little time had we to attend to anything but our horses' feet, and how we could keep ourselves from slipping off as they scrambled up, like

cats, the formidable acclivities. At last we came out upon a sort of undulated plain, where it was possible to canter forward, and of course the party soon started on a gallop, which was near costing me rather dearly. One of the ladies having ridden in advance, the old scheikh, in great excitement and delight, raced alongside of her, shouting, "Tahīb! Tahīb!" (Good! good!), and evidently marvelling at the equestrianism of an Englishwoman on her awkward saddle. Fired with laudable ambition, I went after them; the lady gradually fell back, and Ali and I rode on galloping at considerable pace, while he screamed louder and louder, "Tahīb! Tahīb—katīyeh!" and threw his spear in the air. Finding at last, however, that the Arab's fine horse was inevitably beating the hack supplied me by our dragoman, I arrived at the sage resolution of stopping before we had left the caravan too far behind. Accordingly, I tried to pull up; but these Syrian horses, accustomed to be ruled by the voice, consider any touch of the rein only an instigation to further speed, and if it be tightened severely they immediately run restive. In a moment my hitherto amiable steed had taken the bit between his teeth, and struck off at fullest pace into the desert at right angles to our track. "Ali! Ali! *Mōōsh* Tahīb!" (*Not* good) I shouted; but Ali never dreamed of looking behind, but disappeared from my sight, still brandishing his djereed, and complacently screaming, "Tahīb" at the top of his voice. It was not a pleasant position. I was being carried as fast as my horse could bear me into the trackless wilderness. I had utterly lost all command of him, nobody having informed me of the talis-

manic, "Là! là!" (No! no!) "Schwoi, schwoi," (gently, gently), which would soon have brought him to reason. After a considerable run, I fortunately spied to the right a track where the sand evidently lay thick, and with some hard sawing, I guided the horse into it, and brought him to a standstill. From thence we tracked our way back eventually into the road, where the caravan was still in sight. These undulating and yet monotonous plains are most perplexing places, and it is the easiest thing in the world to lose oneself in them.

As we descended towards the Dead Sea the vegetation became a little more rich. There were wild flowers in abundance, and large bushes of broom, and a certain plant of the snap-dragon kind, which formed a gorgeous yellow rod, and which I wish much I could call by its right name, and describe in proper botanical terms. It had eight large flowerets in each circle round the stem, and eight or ten tiers of circles in bloom at once, altogether a huge mass of flower as long and thick as a man's arm.

It was while riding through the low hills covered with this vegetation, and just before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, that one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man coming towards me, the only one we had seen for several hours since we had passed a few black tents some eight or ten miles

away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in his camel's-hair robe, and with the lithesome, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attached to him was the errand on which he had manifestly been engaged, on those Dead Sea plains from which he was returning. Round his neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued, and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly content and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden, and as I saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head, and the "salaam alïk!" (Peace be with you), he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw my eyes were directed. It was actually the beautiful parable of the gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety and nine in the wilderness," round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb till he found it where it must quickly have perished without his help, among those blighted plains. Literally, too, "when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing." It would, I think, have been a very hard heart which had not blessed God for the sight, and taken home to itself with fresh faith the lesson that God suffers no wandering sheep to be finally lost from His great fold of heaven. Even though man may wander to the utmost bounds of his iniquity, yet the Good Shepherd rejoicing, shall bring the wanderer home, "for He will seek till He find him," *even on the Dead Sea shore.*

I longed for a painter's power to perpetuate that beautiful sight, a better and a truer lesson than the scapegoat. Men wonder sometimes what is to be the future of art, when opinions change and creeds become purified, and we need Madonnas no more than Minervas for idols, and are finally wearied of efforts, ever fruitless, to galvanize with the spark of art the corpses of dead religions. It seems to me as if modern painters and sculptors have before them a field hitherto almost unworked, in giving the *real* colouring to the great scenes and parables of ancient story, Hebrew and Greek, and Egyptian and Scandinavian, and not repeating for ever the conventional types, and costumes, and localities, which the old masters adopted of necessity, knowing no better, but which, to us, ought to be no less absurd than to act Hamlet in the court-dress of George II., or Lady Macbeth in a hoop and powder. Look at the ordinary pictures of Christ. No Oriental ever wore those pink and blue robes, or sat in those attitudes. The real dress of a peasant of Palestine is at once far more picturesque and more manly, the real attitudes of repose infinitely more imposing and dignified. Look at the painted scenes in Palestine, the deep, dark, shadowy woods, and Greek temples, and Roman houses. Are these like the bare olive grove of Gethsemane, or the real edifices of Syria? The true Areopagus at Athens, on the rocky slopes of the hill, with the temple of Theseus far below, and in the distance the blue gulf over which Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne to watch the fight of Salamis; that real site is an infinitely nobler one than Raphael's scene of Paul

preaching at Athens on the steps of a Roman palace, and with the circular Tuscan temple filling up the whole distance. Probably everywhere the real costume, the real scenery, architecture, and colouring of land and sky, and, above all, the real types of national features, would be far better than even the noblest artist could invent, not always in the way of composing a picture, but invariably in that of conveying the ideas of the poet or historian. A Hebrew prophet grew up with the sky of Canaan overhead, its trees, and wild flowers, and barren deserts before his eyes. Everything he wrote must have borne some deep harmony with these things, rather than with the landscapes and the nature of the West. And so in all other things, departure from truth of *couleur locale* must surely always lose more in power than it gains in beauty. A Mary Magdalene of Zurbaran, in her received Spanish rank of Princess of Magdala, with a yellow satin dress and stomacher of pearls, does not seem more ridiculous to us now than will be to the next generation our pictures of St. Peter, in a pink and sky-blue toga, or statues of St. Paul in his conventional presentation of an emaciated mediæval anchorite, with a narrow forehead, and head on one side, and long cumbrous robes dangling over those brave feet which traversed the world. Even in the smallest matters, the actual facts of a country, its climate, fauna, flora, geology, and all the rest, have a right to be considered in illustrating its history or its poetry. The sheep of Palestine, for instance, are pretty and sufficiently intelligent-looking creatures, and the lambs quite beautiful—very different, at all events, they are from our stupid woolly

cylinders on four legs, of which we read the other day in the *Times* of one hundred and forty killing themselves by leaping after each other into a dry ditch, for no cause or reason whatever—a species of animal whose docility some "pastors" may admire, but which a man feels it rather humiliating to be called on to imitate. As to the goats, they are awfully vicious-looking, with long black hair, and an extremely diabolic cast of countenance. Poor animals! At last we descended upon the burning whitish plains of the Dead Sea, the land bearing unmistakeable traces of having been once covered by the bituminous waters. Everywhere there grew quantities of small, scrubby, half-dead bushes of various kinds, or else of thick, high rushes beside the water-courses, which now became frequent, the water, however, being undrinkable. On some of the bushes, resembling blackthorns, we found fruit, like sloes, of which one or two on each bush seemed in natural condition, and the rest all worm-eaten and ready to crush to dry dust upon pressure. We gathered many of them, supposing them to be "apples of Sodom," but were afterwards better informed—the apples of Sodom grow on the opposite side of the lake. Whatever fruit, however, is found round the whole district, partakes the same character, and is always blighted; growing on such a soil it could hardly be otherwise. It is all a mass of saline deposits.

Now we stood on the shore. It was little like what either pictures or imaginations had prepared us to see. The April sun was shining down broad and bright on the clear rippling waters of the splendid lake, which shone with metallic lustre, closed in between the high

cliffs of the Judæan hills to the west, and the grand chain of Moab, like a heaven-high wall, upon the east. Over the distance, and concealing from us the further half of the sea, hung a soft sunny haze. There was nothing in all this of the Accursed Lake, nothing of gloom and desolation. Even the shore was richly studded with bright golden chrysanthemums growing to the edge of the rippling waters. There was but one feature of the scene to convey a different impression; it was the skeletons of the trees once washed down from the woody banks of Jordan by the floods into the lake, and then at last cast up again by the south wind on the shore and gradually half buried in the sands. They stood up almost like a blasted grove, with their bare withered boughs in all fantastic shapes, whitened and charred as if they had passed through the fire.

It had been my intention, of course, to bathe in the sea, so I was provided for the attempt, with the exception, unfortunately, of sandals; and the stones being of the sharpest, I was unable to follow the long shallow water barefooted far enough out to test its well-known buoyancy for swimming. As few ladies, our dragoman told us (indeed, he absurdly supposed none), had bathed in the Dead Sea, I may as well warn any so disposed that the water nearly burnt the skin from my face, and occasioned quite excruciating pain for a few moments in the nostrils and eyes, and even on the arms and throat. The taste of it is like salts and quinine mixed together—an odious compound of the saline and the acridly bitter. No great wonder, since its analysis shows a variety of pleasing chlorides, and bromides, and muriates, and sul-

phates, of all manner of nice things; magnesia and ammonia among those more familiar to the gustatory nerves. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, and the evaporation from it (without any outlet) fully makes up for the supply poured in by Jordan, so that the sea sinks a little as time goes on.

The lesson of life seems to be, that nothing is so good or so bad as imagination depicts it beforehand. The Dead Sea was not so dead after all. We mounted our horses and took a last long look at it, and wished our visit had been on a darker day, when the waters should not have glittered in the sun under the ineffably soft spring sky of Palestine; but rather when the clouds had gathered over the mountains of Moab, and the autumn tempest lashed the black waves of the accursed lake till it cast up the scarred and blasted trees upon the shore, and swept the blighting spray over the whole plains of Jericho. We turned away and rode on through the dwarfed underwood, and then over the wide waste of yellow sand—away as fast as we could gallop, for we had yet a long journey to accomplish before we could reach a halt for the night where (even with our Arab guard) we should be safe from the attacks of the robber gangs who prowl over these wastes. Away we tore in the burning sun "over the burning marl," like Leonor and her dead companion. "Hurra, hurra, hop, hop, hop!

The Dead (-sea visitors) ride fast."

We made our way, as it is only possible to ride in a Syrian desert or Roman Campagna. Four hours, I

believe, we pushed on with as little breathing space as might be, and we were in full career, goaded (I confess on my part) by the intolerable stinging of the Dead Sea brine on my shoulders, which were too slightly protected from the sun, and now seemed pretty nearly on fire. Suddenly the sand stops as with a sharp line on a slight elevation. On one side utter barrenness and desolation; on the other luxuriant grass, a wood of aspens and willows, and there it is—JORDAN! The rich yellow eddying stream was at our feet.

A hundred yards further brought us to the spot where all the traditions of this storied stream are congregated. It is a small curve in the river, half encircling a space of an acre or two of grass, and clear on the hither side from the trees which elsewhere, above and below, line the banks in a compact mass like an Indian jungle. This grassy *laund* is the pilgrim's resting-place, and may be used as such safely by the great caravans, although it was too exposed for our small party. Above the next reach in the river a fine mountain-range closes the view, which, independently of its associations, is one of the most picturesque in Southern Palestine, though very different indeed from the grand scene of rocks and cliffs conjured up by Salvator Rosa for his picture of St. John preaching in the desert. Jordan is a narrow, deep, and turbid stream, eddying fast in its rapid descent into Asphaltites. The banks are muddy as those of Avon or Tiber, and the stream itself as thick and yellow as the Nile. To bathe in it is difficult, from the softness of the bottom, in which the feet sink at once above the ankle, while the current is so strong as to make it hard

to hold one's balance. Every year some unfortunate pilgrims are lost in the excited rush which hundreds of them make at once into the stream, and only two days before our arrival, a poor Arab in attendance on an English party whom we met at Jerusalem, was drowned in attempting to bring them a bundle of canes from the opposite side of the river. I found the water, however, deliciously soft, and quite a compensation for all difficulties of bathing was the relief of washing off the Dead Sea brine in the sweet waves of Jordan. Of course I took my seven plunges in all regularity.

And here I must be pardoned for a small digression. The water-torture of modern times is decidedly applied to Europeans by the pouring of Mississippi down our throats (metaphorically) by the pitiless inhabitants of the Southern States of America. There were two ladies from those pleasant regions in our party, who invariably, whatever we saw, or heard, or talked of, in heaven or earth, incontinently likened it to the Mississippi; or (if that were quite impossible) compared it with the splendours of a Mississippi steamboat. They were kindly disposed and doubtless accomplished ladies, but there was something in this state of things which gradually threatened madness. The Nile, we were told, they had found like Mississippi—Jerusalem was not near so fine as New Orleans. If Mar Saba *had* had a stream running at the bottom, then that stream would have reminded them of Mississippi. (Alas! we only wished to find anything which would make them *forget* it.) Finally, our tent dinners on kebob and mish-mash were not in the least like those on a first-class boat

on the Mississippi. When we approached Jordan, it was natural to dread that the favourite parallel would be brought forward; and I ventured to confide to an English friend my prevision that if the sacred old stream were thus insulted patience would be difficult. Still, however, after having bathed and dressed myself, when seated under one of the great trees, and trying to conjure up the scenes which had passed upon that storied spot, I confess I was startled at being addressed—

"Interesting, isn't it, Miss C——? It reminds me so much, you can't think, of the Mississippi."

"No, indeed, it doesn't, I am sure!" I exclaimed. "Why, Mississippi is one of the largest rivers in the world, and Jordan the smallest."

"Yes; but, for all that, it does remind me of the Mississippi. If you only went in one of our first-class boats," &c. &c.

And so, from Elijah and the Baptist, I was conveyed as quickly as thought might travel down a torrent of eloquence to New Orleans.

My dream of Jordan thus rudely broken, I rose, and after a little time we were again in our saddles and pursuing our journey towards Jericho. I know not whether the experience of a single traveller may be of much avail; but in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favour of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman who, having travelled alone over a large part of Europe and the East, has perhaps more opportunities than most men or women of judging of the standard of *courtesy* of

different nations. The result of my experience has been this. If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness, with that consideration for a woman *as a woman,* which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who should be sure to show unvarying good temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travellers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at *tables-d'hôte* of our own population; and they absurdly measure a New York shoemaker by the standard of a London barrister. I speak of what a genuine Yankee is as a fellow-traveller to a lady without companion or escort, wealth or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let English*men* be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behoves at least an Englishwoman, whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the ford as she has found it.

As to the Southern Americans, it must be confessed that their chivalry partakes a good deal too much of a quality which doubtless coloured all the supposed romantic manners of the Middle Ages, and which always must reappear when society is divided between despots and serfs. I do not think many English ladies and gentlemen could comfortably endure the suppression of

all such little phrases as "Thank you," "If you please," and their equivalents, in addresses to *white* attendants. One feels inclined to return to the exhortation of the nursery at all moments, "It wants a word!"

I happened once to be dining alone at the convent at Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese dragoman conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travellers to Palestine, and both of them agreed that the Americans were most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. "Some of them," said the monk, "are *buonissimi gente;* but some others —oh! they ordered me about, and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant." "Worse than that," said the Piedmontese Abengo; "I twice served them as dragoman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well, for I could not endure it. *They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves.*" "Ah, sì!" said the Franciscan, "qu'est' orribile schiavitù!"

Leaving the willowy banks of Jordan, we turned westward, and rode on for some hours across the plains of Jericho. The heat was fearful; not in the least like the heat of England, but a *roasting* of the brains through all the folds of hat, and turban, and wet handkerchief within them, which gave cause to fear for the share of reason which would survive the process. I never understood before the force of Mahomet's threat to the wicked in Jehanum, "Their skull shall boil like a pot." As evening closed in and we reached the site where Jericho once stood, the sultry atmosphere seemed even more stifling. The wonder is, not that Jericho should be

deserted, but that a city in such a place ever came to be built. Closed in by the mountains on every side on which a fresh breeze could blow upon it, and open only to the unwholesome flats of the Dead Sea, the position is absolutely pestilential even in early spring, when we visited it. What it must be in summer and autumn, it is hard to guess. The site of Jericho is marked by a tower, and by some mounds and broken walls. There was on the spot, on the night of our sojourn, a huge camp of pilgrims, numbering probably nearly three thousand, returning from their dips in Jordan. The larger number of these poor creatures are very aged men and women, and come from Greece or other distant countries. How they bear the enormous fatigue of the journey is surprising, but they all go down to Jordan to bathe; the pilgrimage else remains incomplete. On the whole it is calculated that, between French, Greeks, and all others, there are some fifty thousand of these poor creatures who perform the pilgrimage every year. The camp was naturally a picturesque sight, and it was prettily placed near the stream which watered Jericho, and among dwarf groves of thorny acacias and egg-fruit. I conversed for a little while with some Greek women in their classic head-dresses—if conversing it could be called, to interchange a few friendly signs and an odd word or two, and exhibit some very bad sketches, which they were surprisingly clever to recognise as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their manners were very sweet and engaging. I afterwards found those of the poor Greek women at Athens to be the same, always performing smilingly any little service in their power, like

giving me water to drink from the fountain of Callirrhoë in their beautiful earthen vases, which for gracefulness might have served in the household of Pericles. This night at Jericho the pilgrims, male and female, were in full enjoyment; and near them a band of Arab soldiers danced long and merrily in the starlight. It was a pleasant idea of pilgrimage, truly; and as we went to rest at the end of our "Day at the Dead Sea," and heard the hyænas roaring and the jackals barking round us in the wilderness, we confess to having somewhat envied our neighbours' faith, which made going on pilgrimage a sacred performance. True that, for these poor souls, it involved much fatigue and weariness; but for us, who might *boil our peas* and go on horseback, it was another matter.

What a pleasant thing it would be, after all, if in our day we could only believe in a pilgrimage! It is a common reproach against us modern English that we are all home-sick (*i. e., sick of our homes!*); and if we could but imagine that it were possible to combine a holy "work" and a pleasure-trip, the question is, not who would go, but who would stay behind. No doubt, in the days of the Crusades, the same spirit animated all parties. Think of the knights, who must have rejoiced to leave the monotonous society of their ever-spinning Penelopes; the serfs, who must have gloried in escaping from their tyrants; the schoolboys, who must have played leapfrog half-way to Constantinople for joy of leaving their hornbooks and going on such a "lark!" We mean no disrespect to all the religious associations and chivalry and heroism, and all that kind of thing, of

the Crusades; only, we repeat, we wish it were possible to combine in our day, in a similar manner, being so remarkably good, and doing something so particularly agreeable. "Duty," said a Scotch friend to us once, "duty is anything that you find it disagreeable to do." "Conscience," said an Irish one, in return, "is that which supplies us with good motives for doing whatever we like, and fills us with satisfaction when we have done it." Of the two diverse views, it is clear that the last might authorize us to go on a crusade.

But next to a crusade give me a pilgrimage. There is something in the idea so wonderfully suited to human nature, that probably every creed save Protestant Christianity has sanctioned it, and had a Mecca, or a Benares, or a Compostella, or a Canterbury to which such holy journeys might be made for the good of the soul and the extreme satisfaction of the body. As England's religion admits of nothing of the kind, England's share of the universal human sentiment relieves itself by making its favourite pious book, next to the Bible, a *Pilgrim's Progress*. Glorious old Bunyan! half quaintest Puritan, half sublimest poet, what do we not all owe to him of childhood's dreams and of youth's holiest ambitions! It is he who has given us such a true parable of life that it is evermore impossible to separate the real and the allegorical, and not to think of despond as a "slough," and "difficulty" as a hill, and sickness as a valley of shadows, and the world as a vanity fair, and despair as a giant, and death as a river, and heaven as a celestial city, whither the "shining ones" bear the souls of the glorified amid eternal hallelujahs. So true, so real are

these things, they cease to be allegories; nor is there (as we have often tested) among the lowest and dullest a mind which does not respond to their truth. And then the great pervading thought of the book—that life is a passage onward and upward, a life wherein there are failings, and falls, and turnings back even to the last—but a life with its definite path of duty, its definite aim, its thrice-blessed definite end. This thought Bunyan gives us as we could perhaps never have had without him. How it fastened on us all in childhood, when we had the inappreciable fortune to read his book at the right time, when we were either young enough or old enough to enjoy it as the most wondrous of fairy tales, or the deepest of parables!

I have heard of a little child who was so seized upon by the book, that she actually succeeded in escaping from her nurse, and setting out on pilgrimage through a certain "wicket-gate" (of course, to a child's imagination, the only "wicket-gate" in the world). After a time she came to a hill, which naturally represented "Difficulty," and on the summit was a house with stone lions on the gates: the house called Beautiful, beyond any mistake. A footman in livery imperfectly rendered the character of the proper porter, "Discretion;" but fortunately three ladies in the drawing-room, to whom the poor little pilgrim was admitted, fully realized those of Christian's hostesses; and, after a "refection" of tea and cake, she was safely driven home to her anxious mamma in their carriage. Which of us could not have performed the same exploit at the mature age of six? And at sixty, who would be wearied of the book, or

cease to pick out the wondrous metaphors which lie in this Golconda strewed about in reckless profusion? The chamber in the house called Beautiful, "looking towards the sun rising, the name of which chamber was Peace." The dreadful combat with the incarnate Sin, when Apollyon "straddles all across" the way of life, and the poor pilgrim can advance no step till the foe is beaten off and conquered, after that same fearful fight *upon the knees* of which all our hearts bear the scars. Giant Despair's powerlessness when he would fain "maul the prisoners" in Doubting Castle, as was his wont; but the sun was bright in the blue heavens, and the lark singing up in the sky, and he could not hurt them, "for sometimes in sunshiny weather Giant Despair has fits." The Delectable Mountains, whence it was possible to see the gates of the Celestial City and the glory of its King for one brief hour ere the clouds rolled over the vision, and the pilgrims descended to tread the lowly paths beneath, strengthened for evermore by the memory of what they had once beheld. The Beulah Land, where the struggles and the warfare are over, and the pilgrim dwells in peace ineffable, only waiting for God's messenger of death to summon him to the Celestial City, where his admittance is assured. And then the Dark River, and the sinking heart and failing strength and trembling faith as the deep waters go over, even over, our souls. Is not this DEATH—death such as we have seen it standing on the hither bank, watching with straining eyes after the beloved ones who have passed over, and whom a cloud receives for evermore out of our sight?

Poor pilgrims of Jordan resting by ruined Jericho—that starry Eastern night where my tent was pitched near yours—let us trust that the faith which urged you on that weary way will give you comfort when that other Jordan must be passed—so cold, so deep, so fathomless! That faith and mine will be all one at last, when we climb up the further shore, and see overhead the golden towers!

A DAY AT ATHENS.

It was sunrise as we steamed up the Gulf of Salamis. The red clouds of morning were flaming over Parnes and Hymettus, and lighting up the hills of the Peloponnesus, range after range, far away into Arcadia and the Argolid. The bright blue waves were dancing joyously beneath our prow and through all the sapphire waters before us, even to "the rocky brow"

> Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis—

where Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne, and watched the fight which saved the liberties of the world. To the right of our track, above the slopes of olive woods, and with the sun for a background, rose the crowned Acropolis of Athens.

A glorious scene as mortal eyes well might see. I paused on mounting the deck, knowing that such a sight was before me, and feeling as if I were entering some specially sacred temple, or joining in some holy rite. And truly it *was* a fane, grander than human hands ever built, which I beheld that summer morn—a fane with the crimson heavens for a dome, and the mountains for pillars, and the Ægean for its pavement of lapis lazuli, and the city of Socrates and Plato for its shrine of saints.

I suppose it has happened to us all in life to find a few morning sunrise scenes paint themselves vividly on the memory. There were miserable sunrises, when we left some beloved home in the dreary winter's dawn, and, sick at heart, with shaking limbs, and eyes blinded with last night's tears, watched gloomily, through the trickling rain upon the carriage windows, the abortive sunrise shrink again behind a cloud. And there were blessed mornings when, in early youth, we rose from the sweet, dreamy rest, unbroken yet by pain or sorrow, and looked out on the dewy lawn, with the thrushes singing in the perfumed hawthorn, and the hares leaping and chasing each other over the glittering grass (safe for hours to come from molestation), and the golden sun rose in glory over the woods as we knelt to join our childlike praise with the hymns of the awaking birds and the incense of the opening flowers. And there were solemn, terrible sunrises, when the life which was our life, and which long had flickered in its waning light, had gone out at last, and left the world evermore for us darkened with a desolation no sunlight could break. How the daylight *hurt* us that morning, and the sounds of happy nature stunned and confused us, and the dead, cold despair and awe, which lay like a physical weight upon our hearts, seemed more terrible in the blank dawn—the forerunner of a thousand dreary dawns before we should meet again the one who was soul of our soul but a few hours ago!

Awful Nature! lovely but terrible! how she passes on her way inexorably, one day making us sharers in her joy and her triumph, and anon casting us off as aliens,

whose crushed hearts will not cause her chariot wheels to turn aside by a hair, nor our cry of agony make one voice in her great choral song of birds and winds and waters to falter or reply!

And then, again, there have been mornings like that of which I have spoken in the Bay of Salamis, mornings in bright southern lands, when the world seemed beautiful as Paradise, and the fresh blood coursed through our veins, invigorated by the sound sleep of travel, and the draughts of morning air radiant as liquid sunshine. Mornings such as these have I climbed dewy Alps, and ridden through chestnut-wooded Apennines, and gathered the wild lavender under the pines of Lebanon; but never, I think, did the majesty and the glory of the "sun's gorgeous coming" strike on my senses as on that summer dawn of my approach to Athens.

Every country has, of course, a physiognomy of its own, which we learn only by degrees. Some scenes are so ostentatiously beautiful as to challenge admiration at first sight, and we admit their claims sometimes with a burst of delight, sometimes with a sort of reluctant assent, as when we are called on to praise some haughty, handsome face, from which our hearts turn distrustfully. I think the beauty of the South generally is to our northern eyes, at first sight, of this antipathetic sort. If it be seen (as so often happens) in ill-health, or after some great sorrow, the effect of the glaring sunlight, the shadowless unfamiliar olive groves, the sharply-cut outlines of rocks and towers, the glittering metallic Mediterranean, nay, even the

over-rich odour of the lemon and the orange—all these things impress us antagonistically. The sweet, soft Mother Nature we have known and loved seems left far away, and in her place stands a dark, bold woman, who throws back her veil, and says, with scornful tone and flashing eyes, "Look in my face, and answer—am I not beautiful?"

When we journey through the lands of the North it is all the reverse of this. Each beauty has to be sought out, each feature studied. It might almost be said we must love the country first, and afterwards discover that it is fair. We look round (say in Ireland, for instance, the most perfect contrast conceivable with the isles of the Ægean), and there is little before us which can be called scenery in any sense. The far-off mountains are low, and rounded like clouds on the horizon; the lines of the landscape are faint and broad and distant; the foreground is only a mass of richest herbage and golden kingcups, into which the heavy-foliaged elms are drooping their boughs, and the white hawthorns snowing with blossoms. Over the summer sky the large white cumuli float heavily. The sea itself never glitters, but shines soft and blue through a transparent haze, like an eye in which tears yet unfallen are gathering.

To a stranger the view of such a land speaks, at the utmost, only of sweetness and repose, not of beauty or grandeur. But let him dwell therein, and commune for a time with that soft, rich tender Nature, and she will win on his heart even like some gentle lady in a happy home where her presence is an atmosphere of

love and peace; and where, as he watches the little children clustering round her, and the old father leaning on her arm, and her smile meeting her husband's loving eyes, he sees at last that "her face is as the face of an angel," for there rests thereon the visible benediction of God.

But the South also wins us at last. The sunshine, which only dazzled us at first, fills our veins by degrees. We lift up our drooping heads and gaze around, and the bright, full tide of southern life flows round us and draws us into new human interests, and all the history, all the poetry of the past, echoes in the memory as one grand name surges up after another. At last the work is done. We have gained a new home and country. Henceforth evermore we have two phases of existence, and can pass from one to another as each may pall or pain us. We are free citizens of two realms of beauty and delight.

No monotony is there, however, in North or South as if all were known when one country is known. Those who have not travelled, and who find all southern descriptions made up of the same olive woods, and orange groves, and blue seas, and cloudless skies, little deem how the mysterious individuality of each land asserts itself through these ever-recurring features, even as varied human souls through similarly shaped and coloured eyes and lips and hair. The atmosphere alone is a source of infinite diversity. At the distance, which in England makes a mountain a cold, neutral grey, in Italy it is a lilac of such inexpressible, ethereal softness, that I suppose no one has ever beheld the Apen-

nines for the first time across the Roman Campagna without a cry of joy. It is like a vision of Mount Meru to a Hindoo—the hill which, could mortal man attain, he would find himself beyond the reach of the God of Death in an eternal Paradise. How they rise up behind Adrian's gorgeous home and the wooded slopes of Tivoli, up into the translucent sky, higher and higher, range behind range, till Leonessa lifts her snowy crown above all, and then they sink down lower and lower far as eye can see, even to lonely Soracte in the uttermost horizon! Did ever shades like these fall on the brown hills of northern lands? We may all know that a mountain may be *sublime;* but to learn how *beautiful* it is we must go to Rome. Yet more, the atmosphere has other changes of hue in store. That same distance, which in England is grey and in Italy divinely opal, in Egypt is green or golden, as it may chance to reveal corn-fields or desert-sands. There is actually *no* aërial perspective. I have stood on the Citadel of Cairo, and across the whole enormous city and its suburbs, full ten miles away, I have seen the young crops of corn and maize and rice as brightly green as if they were beneath my feet.

The colouring of Greece is utterly different from that of Italy. The opal Apennines of the distance are replaced by brown and purple mountains, grand in their magnitude, but so clearly cut in the shadowless atmosphere that we deem them frowning over our heads when they are many a league away. And the foreground, the glowing foreground of Italy, where

The fruit-trees bend their laden boughs
  O'er the fields with harvest gold,
And the rich vines wreathe from tree to tree,
  Like garlands in temples old.

And over all falls the glad sunlight,
  So warm, so bright, so clear;
The earth shines out like an emerald set
  In the diamond atmosphere.

This is nowhere to be seen in Greece. There is a bare and rugged floor for the beautiful land; and it is said that the most assiduous care has failed to produce in the royal gardens of Athens even a few feet of that soft turf which carpets the homely plains and downs of England.

Olive-groves and vineyards line the road from the Piræus, and Hybla and Hymettus lie in front. Suddenly the view sweeps open, and there! What is that? The Temple of Theseus—and there! the grand, sublime Acropolis, with the columns of the shattered Parthenon and Erechtheum, like a mural crown upon her stately crest. As she stands amid the huge heathery mountains around, she looks like a royal maiden amid her giant guards; and we could dream that even now Pallas Athenē might descend from her blue empyrean upon that favoured spot. There is no disappointment in the first sight of Athens any more than of Jerusalem. As the one is all solemn, so is the other all noble. Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Anaxagoras, and Socrates, and Pericles, and Cimon, and Phidias, and Praxiteles may have sung, and taught, and ruled, and laboured here. Their ghosts may haunt our visions with no dis-

honour as we climb that lofty rock or rest by ever-flowing Calirrhoë.

Modern Athens is poor and simple, but not ignoble or sordid; and every here and there as I passed were glimpses of ancient wonders recognizable at a glance. The Temple of the Winds seen down the vista even now named Æolus Street, the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, and ever and always overhead the glorious Parthenon.

It is well for us, when our chances of beholding the most interesting objects happen to fall when our health and circumstances are such, that it is possible for us freely to give way to our enjoyment or our admiration; and not blend those sentiments with miserable personal sensations, which will evermore connect themselves in memory with the scene—a choking cough, perhaps, with St. Peter's, or a fit of ague with Baalbec. It has happened to me to behold Milan Cathedral for the first time, when so wearied after a day and night's travel, that I can recall a feeling of actual animosity against the glittering pile of snowy spires which compelled me to lift my tired and heated eyeballs to glance at it. But the approach to Athens happened under happier auspices; for it was the return to civilized life, after an adventurous and solitary journey through Egypt and Syria, wherein not a few hardships had been borne, and difficulties surmounted; and I was free to repose on my harvest of recollections, and read the pile of letters and papers which awaited me, and draw fresh supplies from the bank (grievously needed, as all sorts of mishaps and tempting excursions had brought me to my last napoleon),

and enjoy thoroughly those mundane satisfactions of bath and breakfast, which by no means fail to enhance our sense of the merits of either art or nature. When I sat down at the table drawn to the window of my room, and saw straight before me, not a mile off, the Acropolis and the Parthenon, and to the west the whole blue Gulf of Salamis shining in the morning sun—truly I was in a mood to enjoy anything, from antique associations with demigods and philosophers, to the glass of Samian wine I drank for the satisfaction of quoting to myself the "Isles of Greece," and testing the discrimination of Anacreon.

An hour later, the historian of Modern Greece—most learned and kind of cicerones—was, with his charming wife, welcoming me to Athens, and bidding me dispose of his time for the day's explorations.

Oh, how pleasant are such days in life to look back upon! Not dear and tender, like those in which we have first found a true heart evermore to be bound in links of friendship with our own; not sacred, like those in which our souls gained one step consciously of that infinite stair, for whose ascent we were born; yet still bright and beautiful, and far from unhallowed days, are those in which the great triumphs of art or nature are revealed to us, or the memories of the mighty dead come thronging round us, as we tread the lands they glorified. We stood on the Acropolis, a short steep ascent, a fortified and guarded gateway, and then we climbed the ruined stair of the once beautiful Propylæum. The marble columns facing the portico are still nearly all standing, though devoid of their capitals, and the ruins

of the chamber of the right wing, once containing the paintings of Polygnotus. At the base can be seen the pedestals where stood the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton. But the charm of the whole building lies still, as it must always have lain, in the tiny temple which forms the left wing, and bears, after its two thousand years of duration, the aspect of a chamber of snow, a sport of the Frost Giants, ready to melt away in the morning sun. It is indeed a dream—a poem in stone—this temple of Apteral Victory. Here, within the narrow marble walls, with loveliest Ionic porticoes, stood a statue of the goddess who, elsewhere, was ever adorned with wide and outspread wings, ready to hover over the field of battle. But in this spot she was *wingless.* Victory, once alighted on the proud hill of Athens, should never leave it more! Only multitudes of winged messengers, whose flying forms made the frieze of her temple, bore to her the tidings of all the triumphs of Athenian arms. Was it not a dream—a play of fancy—a sonnet in marble—rather than a temple? Doubtless there were rites of some sort performed here on fitting occasion; but how far away must they have been from anything we could denominate *worship*, or liken to the praise or invocation of a Being seriously believed to exist! Nothing opens up to us more the vast gulf between the half-playful religion of the Greek and the solemn creed of the Jew, than the contemplation of this little fane, and the effort to reproduce the state of feeling under which it could have been erected. Pallas Athenē might have been believed in by the ancients as firmly as that other Virgin Queen of Heaven is believed in by

their descendants now. Theseus was as true a patron, perhaps a truer hero than St. George, or St. Denis, or St. Jago were patron saints. But where are we to place this Wingless Victory in the categories of human veneration? To cut down a tree and carve it into an image, and then fall down and worship the block, seems less amazing than to take a metaphor and work it up into an allegory, and then build for it a temple, and offer it sacrifice.

Now we stand upon the open Acropolis. The ground is one mass of shattered marble, thick and deep as the shingle on a northern shore. It is the sea of all-destroying Time, which has beaten on that mighty rock for two thousand years, and strewed around the wrecks of the finest works of human hands. No spot on earth can have been more fitted than this to be an altar whereon man made his highest offerings of the Beautiful before heaven. Not too far away above the earth to be still a part thereof, and yet raised enough for solitude and grandeur—not too vast, and yet of ample extent; with the huge brown hills around, and the translucent sea below—the summit of the Acropolis is the natural ground for a temple. And there on its summit rises still the loveliest fane man ever planned—the Parthenon. The marble columns, tinged with a golden yellow, as if by the sunsets of two thousand years stand out against the sky and azure Ægean from whichever side we approach them, and thereby acquire a beauty alone sufficient to divide by an immeasurable distance the true Greek temple from all the miserable, murky imitations we thrust down amid our vulgar and gloomy streets. All

the noblest of the ancient fanes were thus placed on lofty eminences—the Parthenon, the Temple of Minerva in Ægina, of Nemesis at Rhamnus, of Apollo at Phigaleia, and of Minerva at Sunium. That of Theseus, on the lower plain, was raised on a high basement, though ascended by only two steps, in obedience to the traditional dictum that the greater gods alone should have three steps to their temples, and the demigods but two. In like manner, the great Olympium stood in a vast elevated enclosure, so that the approaching worshipper saw even the bases of the columns above his head, and the blue sky shining through their spaces. Even were the Doric porticoes of the Parthenon not of the purest and noblest proportions and beautiful Pentelic marble, the mere position in which they stand in that radiant atmosphere would make them surpass everything we build in such miserable places here.

But their intrinsic beauty, as well as that due to situation, is of a kind vainly to be attempted to be described in words, or reproduced by our mechanic stone-cutting. All the world knows they are the perfection of proportion; but I believe it is hardly understood, save by artists, how the measurements of heights and circumference have but a share in the ineffable grace which results from the curves and swellings of every portion. We habitually draw Greek temples (and build them, too,) as if they were all a series of straight lines, or at best with an ugly bulge for the entasis of the column. Now there is not one straight line—one inch of straight line—in all the Parthenon! The steps curve inwards and upwards, the columns swell and

bend pyramidically, the architraves and every moulding of the pediment are sweeping lines of grace, manifestly cut by a master-hand (and, in some cases,) even after the blocks have been fixed in their places. The eye rests on it all in unconscious gratification, merely following sweep after sweep, and at last discovering that they are curves, and not right lines.

We found ourselves in the great cella of the temple, at whose further end once stood the gold and ivory statue of Pallas, thirty-nine feet high, the master-piece of Phidias. It was on the golden shield of this glorious work that the sculptor wrought his own likeness, which gave occasion to one of the finest similes we have inherited from the ancients—whether from Cicero or any other I know not—namely, that God likewise hath so indelibly traced his image on his workmanship of man's nature, "ut nemo delere posset aut divellere qui totam statuam non imminueret" (that none might efface or erase it without destroying the whole statue.)

On the pavement of the temple may still be traced the marks of the pedestal; but how vainly did the imagination strive to reconstruct that wondrous colossal form which once rose there in all the majesty of supremest art, the calm, beneficent face shining down, the ideal of Wisdom wrought by earth's mightiest sculptor!

Entering the Parthenon through the eight-columned portico of the western front, how hard was it, standing between these ruined walls, open on either side of the mountains and the sea, and bearing on their yet remaining flanges the traces of the paltry frescoes of the

Christian church, into which the temple had been converted—how hard was it to call up again the day when the tumultuous Demos of Athens in her glory had thronged the splended hall, and Pericles, standing by in his Olympian beauty, with Aspasia beside him, had watched while his friend Phidias discomfited all his envious foes, by proving that the vast treasure—the *ton* of gold—the city had given to her goddess, had been faithfully wrought into the gorgeous armour wherewith she was clothed! And how, while Pericles stood there, the representative for all time of the statesman, and Phidias, of the artist, there stood also among that crowd the friend of both, greater and nobler than either, whose power lives still, while the works of Phidias have become shattered fragments, and the empire of Pericles has passed away for ever—how SOCRATES stood there, and doubtless beside him Plato, and Alcibiades, and Agathon, and Krito, and Aristodemus, and Simmias; while near them, perchance, Aristophanes stood smiling and meditating that deepest of his sarcasms—

> Thou see'st how good a thing it is to learn
> *There are no Gods*, Phidippides!

And Ictinus, the architect of that loveliest fane, looked round like a god upon his work, "and saw that it was good."

Truly, if we could but gain one glimpse of what the Parthenon contained that day of Phidias's trial, it would be a vision indeed. What *were* those Greeks, that they should have risen to such heights—nay, to

dwell habitually upon such summits of perfected art, as men in later times have never once ascended? We may have preference for this or that modern or mediæval sculptor, or painter, or poet, or architect, and some of them may rightly claim that superiority defined by Longinus as belonging to him who soars highest above him whose flight is best sustained;—but it remains that, for *perfection*, the world has never beheld any works capable of vying for a moment with those of Phidias, and Praxiteles, and Ictinus, and Sophocles, and doubtless of Xeuxis and Parrhasius, also, could we redeem their paintings for equal test. There is an explanation—and a true one—commonly found in the fact that nations, like individuals, have the different faculties of humanity in different proportion—that the Greeks had the æsthetic power, as the Jews had the religious, and the Romans the moral; so that the world ever since has taken its art from Athens, its faith from Jerusalem, and its civil laws from Rome. At the present day there is much of a similar distinction existing among nations: the intellectual depth of the German, the ruling genius of the Anglo-Saxon, the artistic taste of the Italian. And at the extremities of Europe and Asia, we find nations differing from all nearest to them—the Celt, in his religious fervour, the Chinese, in his indifference to all religious aspirations. Whatever the conditions may be under which these various features of our common nature become most prominently developed, the Greeks manifestly fulfilled those under which the Beauty-creating power arrived at its culmination. Yet this will not wholly explain the mystery of ancient supremacy.

There is not only the peculiar beauty of Grecian art to be considered, but that element of finality which makes it differ in kind as well as in degree from the works of later times, and which it shares in a measure with the art of other ancient nations. I know not if I can make myself clearly understood, but it seems to me that through all the works of ante-Christian times, we may discover a certain completeness, a perfection after its kind, which in each case excludes the idea of any *added* beauty or power. Such as the artist could conceive, that he did —and did it so perfectly as to leave nothing more to be desired, or even permitted. To a Grecian temple not a column or a single stone could be added; to a Greek tragedy not a line. Take an antique bust, male or female, and try to substitute for the calm "ox-like" eyes, which evidently filled the orbits it represented, such other eyes as we see every day in our own land, full of untold aspirations, and longings, and possibilities of infinite loving and infinite suffering—eyes into which

> Whoso gazes
> Faints, entangled in their mazes:

try to place eyes like those beneath the old Roman or Grecian brow, and it would seem as if they would calcine the very marble. There is an electric light in them, even when quenched and faded with many tears, such as never shone out in elder time. Everything speaks with the same voice. There was no self-introspection, no morbid self-depreciation, no hypocritical pretence at an unfelt humility. The old Greek or Roman said in all his actions—"It is good to be just, brave, patriotic; to make beautiful edifices, and statues,

and poems, and orations. I *am* just, and brave, and a patriot, and my works are beautiful. And so Antoninus thanks God for his own virtue; and Cicero says it was a fortunate day for Rome in which he was born to be her counsel; and Ovid closes his poem with the boast that he has secured fame through half the circle of eternity.

But this whole phase of life has passed away. If a man even think himself perfect, he dare not say so, knowing his claim will meet but scorn. In all his works there is incompleteness, irregularity. His dramas have no severe unities, or preserve them at cost of all originality; his statues and pictures are lacking in beauty, or else cold imitations. His temples, wherein the fullest force of the new power in the world has burst forth, are beautiful indeed—sublimely beautiful; but they are never complete and finished like the Grecian fanes. To the noblest of them may be added yet a spire, a chapel, or tower, indefinitely—almost for ever. Like the old Roman or Greek, he sees it is good to be just, brave, and generous, and the creator of beautiful things. But the cry of his soul is—"Would that I were better than I am! Would that I could express in my works that divine beauty, after which my spirit yearns; but on which mortal eyes have never gazed!" Thus he struggles on—all imperfect, and conscious of imperfection in his character; yet striving after something nobler and holier "with groanings that cannot be uttered," and working out labours of art, for ever unsatisfying and incomplete; yet bearing the germ of something higher than Greek or Roman knew. Even

his countenance bears the marks of the change. There is nowhere the exquisite proportion and chiselled perfection of the earlier type among the more highly developed races. The most regular forms and features now belong to Easterns rather than Europeans, and among Europeans to the lower rather than the higher nations. But in losing regularity and proportion there has come in a new element, making often ill-formed features nobler than the most perfect ones of old. The perfect balance of the Greek type seemed always to exclude progression; it was at the best cold, and fixed, and somewhat hard. The face of many a modern man or woman, with no pretence to equal beauty, raises our thoughts and warms the blood in our hearts, as if we beheld the foregleams of an immortal day.

If this great difference be true concerning ancient and modern feeling; if, indeed, Christianity has been to the life of humanity what regeneration is to the life of the individual—the beginning of an existence far less complete after its kind, because aspiring after an infinite height; then there is explained to us much which else seems inexplicable. And if modern art is ever to bear to modern life the relation of ancient art to ancient life, then it must in some way embody this mysterious change: it must not give us perfection but progressiveness; not completeness of mortal plenitude, but rather—

> The prophecy and intimation,
> The faint and feeble adumbration,
> Of that great world of light which lies
> Behind all human destinies.

In a singular way architecture forms the exponent, above all other arts, of the difference between ancient and modern thought. The Grecian temple was a house for gods, whereto they might descend from Olympus, and take up their abode. The Gothic church is man's place of prayer, where he raises the clasped hands of the vaulted roof in supplication, or points the finger of faith in the soaring spire up to the sky. The Grecian temple was of simplest unity of form. A few terms suffice us now to define the form of every one of them, whether circular or rectangular, with six columns in the portico, or eight or ten, in *antis*, or prostyle, or peripteral. Add a few measurements, and the mention of the style, whether Doric, or Ionic, or Corinthian, and the whole plan of the temple is revealed. But who can reduce the infinite variety of a Christian cathedral to any such simple formula? On its common outline of a cross every conceivable addition and variation has been made, till it is all a labyrinth from crypt to tower. Thus surely also are our minds varied and multifarious, and full of labyrinthine involutions, as compared with those of men of the whole world. The most acute and divinely-gifted Greek was a simple being at heart, compared to the complex nature of any fully developed character of our times; and if by chance now we meet with one remarkable for single-heartedness and simplicity, instantly we say—"He seems to belong to an earlier age; he is like an old Greek, or an old Roman."

To the north of the Parthenon stands the remaining great relic of the Acropolis—the Erechtheum, with the beautiful portico of the Pandroseum supported by the

Caryatids. How lovely these figures are there is no need to tell to any who have seen the one robbed for our Elgin gallery. The whole temple must have been singularly beautiful, with its triple porticoes and Ionic columns, the most perfect ever built. Here, as the legend runs, did Poseidon and Pallas contend for the possession of Attica, and the marks of the sea-god's trident, and the salt spring which flowed at his command, long attested his efforts; while close beside grew Minerva's olive-tree, the parent of all the olives in the land, and so filled with the life the goddess had bestowed, that, when burned down to the earth by the Persians, it threw forth within two days a fresh stem a cubit long. Here also, in the western part of the temple, were preserved the sacred serpent, the silver-footed throne of Xerxes, the sword of Mardonius, and the golden lamp which, burning night and day, was fed with oil but once a year. But the glory of the shrine was the image of Minerva Polias, carved in olive-wood, and affirmed to have fallen down from heaven. The sacred Peplus was borne as an offering to this statue, in the quinquennial Panathenaic procession, whose sculptured memorial we behold in the bas-reliefs of the frieze torn by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon. Can we afford to smile at this thought, of the Athenian people bearing their tributary robe to that poor wooden image, and preferring her to this honour, because of her supposed celestial origin, over the gorgeous Minerva Parthenos of ivory and gold, in the Parthenon, and the gigantic Minerva Promachus of bronze, in the open Acropolis, whose gilded spear glittered away all down the gulf of

Salamis? Truly, till Madonnas, old and new, cease to receive jewels, and robes, and candles, from Christian sovereigns and nations, we need not cast much scorn upon Athens and her Virgin Goddess. True, Minerva was Goddess of War, as well as of the arts of Peace. But is there not in Brittany a certain church, dedicated to Notre Dame DE LA HAINE, whither men go to implore vengeance upon their enemies? "The most Catholic King" embroidering a petticoat for Mary of Nazareth, was hardly a great advance upon Pericles heading the procession bearing the Peplus to the image of Minerva Polias.

The remaining ruins of the Acropolis detained us but a little time, and soon we were wandering round beneath the hill, past the caves called the Prison of Socrates, and the ruined temple of Triptolemus, by the banks of Ilyssus, and the magnificent theatre of Herodes Atticus, the first great private *philanthropist* of history, who spent the enormous treasures he had discovered in building baths, bakehouses, and theatres for the people. Oh, saddest science of political economy! must we ever pause to question whether deeds of splendid liberality and generosity have done harm rather than good; and, not guided by the one principle of "helping men to help themselves," have tended to degrade and weaken those they sought to benefit, till, like the Roman populace, "Panem et Circenses" became the sole cry of those whose pride of citizenship had once outweighed the pride of haughtiest kings?

Now we have passed through the arch of Adrian, with its double inscription, "This is Athens, the old

city of Theseus," and on the other side, "This is Athens, the new city of Adrian." And near at hand stood the temple which it was the glory of Adrian's heart to have completed after Pisistratus and Antiochus, and a whole associated body of princes in later times had striven to do so in vain. It is hard to conceive what must have been the grandeur of this building in its prime. On a wide, open plain, near the banks of Ilyssus, was formed a raised platform, supported by a buttressed wall four stadia (half a mile) in circumference. On this *peribolus* were erected altars, statues, and other fitting adornments, and in the midst rose the magnificent temple, surrounded by its hundred and twenty-four columns of Pentelic marble, each column sixty feet in length, and six feet in diameter—a stupendous forest of marble trees! The building was, as it is called, *decastyle*, having ten columns in each portico, and of these there were four rows in depth, while double colonnades lined the long-extended flanks. The roof was open to the blue sky, where Olympian Jove had his abode, and on the angles of the pediment, doubtless, hovered his eagles, even as we yet may see on the bas-reliefs of another temple of the time, preserved in the Capitol at Rome. The Corinthian order, of which the temple was built, would seem the fittest of all for an edifice of the kind—not meant to be sublimely chaste and perfect like the Parthenon, but rich and gorgeous and imposing as befitted the "Father of gods and men." Vitruvius tells us that the Doric typifies the proportions of stalwart manhood, the Ionic those of the matron, and the Corinthian those of that fair young

maiden on whose grave Callimachus, the architect, found the acanthus growing through a basketful of flowers left there by her mourning mother. But this poetic comparison of styles and proportions seems to me to fail wofully in expressing the feeling conveyed by the different orders. The Doric is essentially the fitting order for the fane of the Virgin Pallas—so severely chaste and noble. The Ionic suited well the Ephesian Diana, or such dreams in marble as the Apteral Victory. But, for Jove, the king of the gods, or Baal, the great sun deity, there would seem nothing so well fitting as the magnificent Corinthian—so stately and rich and grand. This Olympium must have been to the ancient world what St. Peter's is to us in our time—the place where the sense of the magnificent is raised to its height, and that side of religious feeling is excited which is of the more outward sort, and finds its proper expression in Pæans and Te Deums.

Alas! of all that glorious fane only fifteen columns now remain, thirteen in one group together, and two others alone at the opposite extremity. Till a month or two before my arrival these two had had a brother standing between them; but he had fallen in an earthquake, and the stately shaft lay shattered on the ground. Very soon will the Olympium of Athens be like that of Corinth :—

> Two or three columns and many a stone,
> Marble and granite with moss overgrown.

Shall we add, with Byron—

> Out upon time, it will leave no more
> Of the things that were than the things before;

Out upon time, who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er the things that have been and the things which must be;
What we have seen our sons shall see—
Remnants of things which have past away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.

It becomes but natural to quote Byron in Greece, where he has left the purest of his fame. Even as we turned away from the temple, I read his familiar name in Greek characters on a street we were entering; and my kind guide, who had preceded him to Greece, and fought through the war by his side, had much to tell of the cool, sound sense and clear insight into the purposes of those around him, which mingled and contrasted with his wild enthusiasm, as if he were two different men at different hours.

It needs not to follow out much further the story of my first happy day at Athens. Left alone to rest before the late dinner to which I was hospitably bidden, I soon wandered out again by myself to explore still further the chief places of interest; and, leaving the Temple of Theseus to be entered on a later day, I found my way to the Agora and the Pnyx. There, on the little platform, ascended by two or three steps, hewn out of the living rock, had stood Pericles and Demosthenes, swaying the turbulent hosts which filled the vast space below with their mighty words, even as the wind waves and rocks the trees of the forest. It is all lonely now. Not a living being was in sight, and all that surging multitude were replaced by the wild flowers growing freely and undisturbed where once their eager feet had trampled all the ground.

Thus I wandered on, turning towards the Acropolis, and stood under a cliff of rocks, on whose face steps and seats had here and there been cut. The circular space in front, of some half acre in extent, was closed in below, on the lower slopes of the hills, by a range of smaller rocks, forming a natural theatre, and not forbidding the eye to pass over them to the wide plains below—to the Temple of Theseus and the olive groves beyond, and the grand line of Parneses sweeping down towards Marathon. To the left, beyond the Piræus, lay the whole gulf of Salamis and the hills of Corinth and Achaia. I sat down in that spot—as lonely a one as the Pnyx, and bearing a still deeper interest; for this was the *Areopagus*. Here, where, in the dawn of history, the grey fathers of Athens had held their solemn councils—here had stood St. Paul, and these rocks over my head had echoed that oration whose interest will never pass away, while the of themes the eloquence of Pericles and Demosthenes and Isocrates have become things of a bygone world. For ever must that question return, Is He—He, the unnameable Presence, to whom not only the altars of Athens, but all the hearts of men, bear a dedication—is He, indeed, the "Unknown God" —unknown to wisest souls then—unknown to us all for evermore? Or did, indeed, that great and valiant soul of the Apostle learn of Him, and reveal Him, making Him henceforth (as men have boasted) known to the Christian child as Plato and Socrates never knew Him? Surely the truth lies in a deeper conception than we readily frame of the relation of human thought to that transcendant knowledge. Surely we shall come at last

to understand that, though there was a knowledge which the Athenians lacked, and which Paul brought to them, yet also God is *never* wholly unknown to His creatures, be they never so humble of intellect; nor *ever* wholly known by them, be they never so clear of brain, and confident of belief, and ready to define His awful nature in creeds which Christian children may, indeed, repeat, but which the spirit of Plato in heaven might shudder to hear. True as they are grand were the words of England's greatest divine: "Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High, whom, although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as, indeed, He is, neither can know Him; and that our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, whereby we confess without confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness beyond our capacity and reach."*

Again I wandered on, and found myself beside a fountain, round which a group of young women were drawing water. As each one filled her classic-shaped vessel she raised it on her head, and stood up as graceful as one of the old marble Caryatids in the Pandroseum above us. There is certainly something hereditary in the motions of different nations. The Roman women to this day, with their proud busts and noble heads, seem like the massive statues of their own sculptors vivified. And in Egypt the poor labourers in the fields work in strings in the precise angular attitude, with backscurved inward rather than outward, which seems

* Hooker's *Eccles. Pol.*, book i.

to us so unnatural in the paintings and bas-reliefs copied into our books from the tombs. Very friendly and pleasant were these Athenian maidens as I sat down by their fountain, and asked to drink out of one of their water-jars, and made the best of the few words we could interchange. There is something wonderfully pleasant, I think, in the remembrance of those little kindly deeds received from those with whom we have no one tie save that of our common humanity, but who acknowledge *that* claim freely and simply. Living in England, especially in the country, we have a definite relation of friendship, or acquaintanceship, or of employer or employed, with all whom we meet; or if there chance to be a stranger pass our door, the fact of his *being* a stranger constitutes a sort of claim to attention. In London all this is altered, and we see around us thousands of whom we know nothing, nor expect to know anything in this world, save that they are men and women hurrying on their way between the same solemn gates of Birth and Death through which we also go. And out of that sense of simple human brotherhood, which the strong tide of life surging around us brings to our hearts, we gain, perhaps, a warmer desire than elsewhere to bless these unknown brothers and sisters, the children of our Father—

> Men my brothers, men the workers,
> Ever working something new.

With the glorious future before them, here and hereafter—

> What they have done but the earnest
> Of the things which they shall do.

But, far away from the crowds of great cities, in some quiet walk in foreign lands, how good it is to have some one approach us with gentle words and looks, and interchange a few bright, kindly glances ere we part to meet never again on this side eternity! How often I have thanked in my heart the sweet Tuscan *contadine,* who used to come and sit beside me wherever I rested on the flowery banks of their vineyards, and beg so courteously to know if their doing so would not disturb me; and the grave old Turks who have forgotten their solemnity of gait in haste to save me from the trampling of an unseen camel; and the Arab women and Syrians and Maronites, who have playfully stroked my shoulder when they found I could not converse with them, as much as to say, "Never mind; though you don't know Arabic, I like you all the same!" An hour or two later, bathed and refreshed, I was seated at my kind friend's table, listening to stores of information concerning Greece, ancient and modern, politics, and art, and literature, his own recondite discoveries concerning the philosophic school which flourished at Athens for nine centuries on Plato's endowment, and the newest books which had issued from the London press while I had been wandering in the East. By-and-by the stately gentleman in green velvet and gold, and huge white petticoat, who might have been a chief of Klephts, but was only a footman, brought us coffee, and left us to visit a noble library, and inspect a unique cabinet of coins of the Eastern empire, and talk to pleasant Greek ladies coming in to pass the evening. Much laughter and many jests and good stories dimly return to memory

the only one clearly remembered being that of a party of country servants in the British Museum, who asked whether the broken metopes of the Elgin Gallery were not intended as a memorial of the dreadful mutilations occasioned by *railway accidents!*

Good-night! good-night! thank you for my happy day at Athens.

"Shall I come for you in the morning," said my host, "and take you a walk through the groves of the Academe?"

THE CITY OF PEACE.

It has been often said that we English are all of us made on the principle of our beloved country, and are so many little human Islands. We like to be "girded by an inviolate sea" of reserve and dignity which nobody has a right to traverse unchallenged; and we fondly flatter ourselves that our characters rise over this gulf of demeanour as imposing in the eyes of the world as the white cliffs of Albion to an approaching foe. It is not very wise nor very humane, this *morgue Britannique;* and it is to be hoped that the time approaches when we shall discover that certain principles are as applicable to social as to commercial affairs, and that a passport system, whether of official documents or formal introductions, is equally cumbrous and superfluous. If we expect our import trade of pleasant feelings and kindly actions to be of much value, we must ourselves open a free export trade in similar commodities, and not confine our commerce to Wenham ice and refrigerators.

There are, however, some occasions in which it is to be desired that we should be as much insulated one from another as possible. When we visit any work of nature or art qualified to draw forth strong feelings of awe or admiration, the presence of even a solitary friend had far better be dispensed with. Who can be surety for a friend? Who can answer that he will not be

guilty of the enormity of suggesting that we are catching cold in this damp cathedral, or wandering too far on that mountain? Nay, who can answer for himself that he might not be so misguided as to make the same observation to his companion?

But a *party of friends* to see ruins or galleries—oh, how bitter a thing it is! There is, of course, an end of all hope of obtaining a true impression of the object visited, and the most we can aspire to is a vague conception of what we *ought* to have felt had we been left to ourselves. I dare say half my readers have come away from seeing the Colosseum by moonlight with that amount of sublime emotions derivable from hearing all round them—as they climbed the giant corridors and watched the light playing over the ruined walls—the snatches of dialogues inevitable on such occasions: "How do you do, Mrs. A—?" "What awful stairs!" "How lovely the view is over Albano!" "Here is Mrs. D— and her three daughters and Count R— coming behind us." "Think of the Christian martyrs who perished in that arena below!" "Did you hear of the leap Miss H— took on the Campagna to-day?" "I hate those altars and that cross in the middle" "Are you going to Palazzo B— on Friday?" "When the Colosseum falls, then Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls—" "It is time for us to be off: we've seen everything." "Meet me by moonlight alone." "Ha! ha! how many pauls must we give to the custodi?"

How valuable is such a reminiscence as this of one of the most imposing scenes which the past has bequeathed to us to combine in one the terrible and the beautiful!

On another occasion it happened to me, many years ago, to enter Rome for the first time at night; and, taking advantage of the halt at the Porta Angelica for the examination of our passports, I left the carriage in which I had travelled from Civita Vecchia, and found my way through the colonnade of St. Peter's, expecting to catch merely a distant glance of the wondrous sight. Beyond my hopes I found myself in the midst of the stupendous Piazza, the vast steps leading up to Bramante's dome in front, the lovely colonnades with their circling arms stretching round me in the still solitude, and the two glorious fountains on either side of the giant obelisk casting up their floods under the stars. The grandeur and the beauty of the scene nearly overcame me. It was too much for one to whom all the glories of Italy were new. I felt inclined rather to kneel rather than stand, oppressed with awe and admiration. Suddenly I heard behind me a voice in brilliant metallic French—

"Tiens! mais c'est joli ça!"

It was a young Greek lady travelling in the same *vettura*, who had followed me unperceived, and who now gave vent to her sense of the sublime and beautiful in that appropriate exclamation. After hearing St. Peter's by starlight called "joli," was there anything more to be felt on the subject?

The principle may sound inhuman and anti-social, but it is in reality wholly the reverse: "Secure solitude for yourself when you are going to behold anything peculiarly grand or affecting." Only in solitude have we a chance of being carried away thoroughly out

of ourselves and our temporary concerns by the influence of the place. Living human interests, or even the possibility of having them at any moment called out, will destroy half nature's power to awe, or that of art to charm. Where there are many present, also, there is an inevitable tendency to direct attention to details of the scene which each, as he remarks them, is led to share with his neighbour: thus, again, we are cheated of those sublimer impressions which come from permitting our minor intellectual observant faculties to be dormant, while our souls lie open calmly and patiently to the influences of the mighty *whole* before us. Let us, then, leave even the most sympathizing of friends at the threshold of the temples of either nature or art, and enter, *not* with quick interchange of word and glance, and hasty interjections of admiration or disappointment, but silent and calm, and, altogether, alone. Better give up seeing any great object of interest than not see it thus aright. Why spoil for evermore our share in the joy which every such place is qualified to bring? There are not too many masterpieces of art, there are even not too many of the highest displays of nature's grandeur, to allow us to waste our first sight of any of them. Yet there are many persons who seem impatient till they have run over the whole earth in a few months of hasty travel, desecrating every sublimest memory with commonplace associations and pitiful little jests, till they have attained that supreme climax of felicity, leaving no chance of admiring anything any more on this side eternity.

Once it happened to me to climb up the Montanvert

with a large company of clever and pleasant people. When we reached the summit, all, save myself and another lady, went down on the Mer de Glace. For us two the sight before us was enough for the time—the illimitable mass of Mont Blanc on one side, and on the other the Aigles, towering up across the glacier, high, high beyond the flight of the lark, into the blue heaven overhead. We were friends, that lady and I, not in common parlance only, but in every sympathy of our hearts; and yet we parted instinctively when left alone upon that mountain-ridge, and only met an hour later to ask one another how we had spent the interval. "I sat down among the Alpine roses *and cried*," said my friend. "And I confess I did the same," said I. Could either of us have known the overwhelming might of that scene which had thus crushed us down into the weakness of children had we remained with our friends, or even sat together side by side in fullest sympathy? It is not to make little of human feeling to admit that it could not be so. It is rather to acknowledge that, even when Nature puts forth her utmost power, the claims of humanity, if proffered to us, must be paramount.

Thus it happens, I imagine, that those in whom the love of nature is most intense have always in them something of the hermit—a propensity to make solitude, and not society, the *substratum* of life—however keenly they may relish the intervals of social pleasures. Such men may have their *joys* shared with their friends, but they desire always to suffer alone, to grieve alone, to pray alone. Do not bid such a man pour out his

sorrows to his fellows: bid him wander away far off into the fields and roads, by the shore of the sea, or, farther yet, into distant lands, alone. The burden laid on him will fall away, and his cares will drop one by one as he goes; and at last, when they are all lightened, he will turn back and gather flowers on his homeward path till his hands are full of sweet and lovely things.

It was some vague sense of these truths, as yet but half experienced, which led me to undertake alone a journey, somewhat adventurous for a woman, through Egypt and Syria. Even when kind invitations to join parties of English or Americans had lured me for a time into more social pilgrimage, I always managed to reserve the more interesting part of my excursions for solitude. Thus it happened that I was alone in some walks in Palestine, whose recollection is among the richest things in the memories of life, and whose pleasure I would fain desire to share with others by urging my country-women to leave the well-known paths of France and Switzerland and Italy for a season, and give themselves the delight of beholding the spots of earth round which imagination has hovered from childhood. It is not really difficult or seriously unsafe even for a lady alone, and the amount of fatigue and risk is more than recompensed.

It would seem as if it were one of the special tasks of our day to bring out the heroes and saints of old from the somewhat dark and dusty niches and shrines where they have long stood far away from us, objects of vague and distant veneration, and restore them to the light of the common sun, so that we may look upon their faces

and see that they also were men of like passions with us—and good and great, *because* they were men. Hitherto, in especial between us and the prophets and apostles of the Bible, there has intervened both a natural and a fictitious distance: there has been the natural and inevitable distance of both place and time—a place removed from us by thousands of miles and entire difference of climate and habits of life and modes of expression; and a time composed of so many centuries, that we continually lose our consciousness of the perspective of the earlier ages, and forget that fifty, or a hundred, or two or three hundred years were as long then as now, and left as wide scope for the growth of myth and legend, as similar intervals since the time of Shakespeare to our own. And besides these natural causes of illusive distance, there have been others at work, removing the best and greatest of our race out of the reach of our sympathies, taking from them their true human nature, and consequently taking from human nature the glory their goodness reflected upon it. Even as children and clowns can hardly be made to believe that kings and emperors have the limbs and stature of common men, and always enshroud them in a vague halo of fancy, so we have come to think of those on whose heads was set the crown of divinest gifts, as if they had not our passions and our limitations. Infinite have been the mistakes, and woeful the mischief, which have arisen from this source both as regarding the men themselves and the books they have bequeathed to us; and few labours will tend more to hasten the progress of religious thought than the removal of such miscon-

ceptions. Among the best means by which this may be accomplished is the nullifying of the perspective of Space by familiarizing to ourselves the actual scenes of the Bible story, while we strive to neutralize that of Time by critical collation of all attainable histories. How much this familiarity with sacred localities will effect towards bringing closer to us the great souls who once inhabited them, may be seen by comparing books like those of Stanley with the sacred biographies common in the beginning of this century.

To a certain degree every individual can for himself narrow the distance between him and the great souls of the past by visiting the land where they dwelt, and so cutting off, at least, that *perspective of place* which adds not a little to the effect of the perspective of time. Walking where they walked, living in the same kind of houses, with the same sort of flowers and trees and animals around us, the same food and wine, the same soft sky overhead by day, and southern stars at night, the same names of hill, and grove, and fountain echoing in our ears, and around us the same, or a cognate race of men wearing the same attire, living the same simple life, and using the same metaphorical Eastern forms of expression—all these things, which have been so happily made possible for us by the stereotyped civilization of Syria, tend immeasurably to bridge over the gulf of ages, and allow us to realize the characters and feelings of the prophets and apostles as we could never have done at home. Many things which seemed cloudy become clear and simple; and, on the other hand, many things which we imagined we could believe well enough

while at a distance, become not merely incredible, but incogitable when recalled for judgment on their proper localities.

In the following pages I shall endeavour to give a brief account of what a woman may easily see and do alone in Palestine, and thus, I trust, encourage my countrywomen to undertake the journey more frequently in future, whether with or without companions. Especially does it seem desirable that women should seek by these and all other modes of study to fit themselves for their proper part in sharing the progress of human thought in our age. Too often have their limited lives, their scope of vision—narrowed artificially by education, as well as naturally by circumstances and the timid conservatism which seems a part of the female temperament—too often have all these causes made women the champions of antiquated prejudices, the cruel enemies of every newly-born truth. But the task to which they are called is the very opposite of all this. Women ought to be the torch-bearers in the pageant of humanity, lighting men onward in their noble pursuit of truth. Hitherto they have represented only the principles of spiritual carefulness, of a timidity in religious things which wears the garb of faith, but is, in truth, full of injurious doubts and fears. Hereafter they must become the representatives of healthful aspiration, of the largest and widest human sympathies, and of faith in its real sense—faith, not in the lessons of the nursery and the schoolroom, but in those eternal verities of the Divine existence, and love, and righteousness towards which every lesser truth is a path to lead

us up. The night is past when it might have been permitted to close our doors and sit cowering over the light of our tapers. It is a pitiful thing to see women rising up now in the dawning day only to draw down the blinds and shut the casement whenever they hear any one cry, "Behold the morning!"

Of my journey to Jerusalem and Hebron I shall not now speak, as it was performed in company with some ladies and gentlemen, who kindly invited me to join their caravan. The solitary part of my excursion consisted in my rambles about Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, and subsequent return to Jaffa. The latter short journey, happening at a period of unusual disturbance, may be taken as proof how easy is the whole "pilgrimage" in ordinary times to any lady, since, even at such a time when the armies of Aboo Goosh and his enemies were ravaging the district, I passed through it quite unmolested.

It was a strange feeling to waken in Jerusalem. The quaint room in which I had slept opened out on a large, deep pool: *that* was the Pool of Hezekiah! It was truly Jerusalem. I was actually *there*, at the bourn of all pilgrimage, the most sacred spot of all the earth! I had awakened, after the long, heavy sleep of great fatigue, and pain from a sprained ankle; and as I tried to gather up my thoughts, it seemed as if the idea were enough for a day's full delight—"This is Jerusalem!" By-and-by, a Jewish physician—Dr. Frankel—to whom I had brought letters of introduction, came to see me, and with extreme skill so treated my ankle as to remove all pain, and fit me for walking in a few days. But I

could not wait, as the day went by, without seeing somewhat of the wonderful view which I knew must be opened from the roof of the house, over which I had passed to my room at night. I called the pleasant little German Jewess landlady, and with her aid went up a few steps, and then sat down. It was a picture indeed. Beneath us lay nearly the whole of Jerusalem—a mass of small, dome-roofed houses, with here and there a minaret rising out of them, and at one side a large space filled with ruins, a palm-tree or two, and a few cypresses. Over and beyond the city, and occupying nearly the entire background, was a lofty rounded hill, brown and bare, save for the pale olive-trees scattered over it, so sparsely they might almost have been counted as we stood.

"That is the Mount of Olives?" I said.

"Yes; and that is the Chapel of the Ascension on the top. You cannot see Gethsemane; it is hidden in the valley."

To the left of the Mount of Olives were some softer hills; to the right, in the far distance, the grand chain of the mountains of Moab, forming a heaven-high wall as far as the eye could see, far off, over the Dead Sea plains.

In front, between us and the Mount of Olives, and on the Hill of Zion, within the walls of Jerusalem, stretched a vast enclosure, with rich green grass, and cypresses, and white tombs of sheiks; in the centre, a grand octagon building, surmounted by a lofty dome.

"That is the Mosque of Omar!"

I know not of what creed could be the man whose

eyes could rest with indifference on this spot, where, for nearly forty centuries, the prayers of men had ascended to the One Father of All. In the other ancient temples of the world we are forced to feel that a cloud lay ever over the worshippers, and the One was dimly beheld behind the Many who usurped his rightful place; but here, at least, with all the imperfections and limitations of their creeds, the Moslem, and the Jew, and the Chaldean Patriarch had knelt to One alone—to Allah, Jehovah, the "Most High God." To Him only went up the adoring prayers of that mighty Caliph and his warriors, before whom the earth shook, and the idols fell at the shout of new-born Islam, "La Allah Illah Allah!" Before him had worshipped, in the second temple, the Christ, who taught us to call Him Our Father; before him had ascended the psalms of kings and prophets in the magnificent ritual of the First Temple, when the vast walls echoed back the triumphant chant, "Lift up your heads, oh, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in!" Before him, in the Holy Place of the Tabernacle, had David poured forth the suppliant prayers of penitence, which even now are the words our hearts sob out in their innermost depths; before him, in the dawn of history, had Melchisedek, the "King of Righteousness," ministered on that Hill of Salem, the "Priest of the Most High God." As I gazed on the sacred spot, the words forced themselves almost to my lips, "Mosque of Omar, Temple of Nehemiah, of Solomon, and of Melchisedek! Monotheist Temple of three thousand years! When the last fane

rises on thy ruins to crown the Hill of Zion, the truth to which thou hast witnessed so long shall be the faith of the world; the errors which have narrowed thy courts, and undermined thy towers, shall have fled to the realm of shadows for ever."

Surely it is true what the most enlightened living teacher of Judaism has avowed, that the office of his nation in the world's history has been to hold fast, as in the citadel of the human race, the great truth of the unity of God, and that, when all mankind shall have at last received it into their hearts, then, and not till then, shall the Mosaic law cease to bind together the chosen race, and the Jew merge at last with the Christian in the flood of the nations.* The forecasting of such a glorious end must have been in the nobler minds of the Rabbins since the time of the Talmud, when, in the very midst of their persecutions, they were able to lay down the splendid principle (how far in advance of the teaching of many Christians in our day!), "He is admitted to all the spiritual privileges of a Jew who, without partaking of Jewish rites, can repeat from his heart the confession, 'Hear, oh, Israel! the Lord your God is One Lord.'"

Slowly my eyes turned away from the Mosque of Omar, and wandered over the city below me. Suddenly, I noted on the left hand, hardly a hundred yards from the spot where I was seated, a large church, with rich Gothic windows and lofty eastern dome. There could be but one such in Jerusalem.

* See Philippsohn's *Development of the Religious Idea.*

"The Holy Sepulchre?"

"Yes, the Holy Sepulchre."

So near! I might have noted all the awful scenes of which its walls enshrined the memorial; I might have heard the last words wherewith ended the life of Christ; and His eyes must have closed on that same view before me—that barren Mount of Olives, that lofty chain of Moab, that ineffably soft spring sky of Palestine!

It was enough, more than enough, for that day. I went back to my room, and did not leave it again till I had recovered.

It is always a bootless controversy that concerning the veritable locality of great events. The end of nearly all such researches is to prove that our natural longing to be satisfied on the matter can never be fulfilled. Small moment is it that it should be so, since we can scarcely return, after the lapse of only ten or twenty years, to any scene of our own youthful accidents or exploits without finding ourselves bewildered between the tricks of memory and the actual facts of the spot before us. How rarely does it happen that we have not pictured the lawn twice as large, the tree standing in a different place, the ravine deeper and wider than the truth? Yet we go on treating all such betrayals of memory as curious individual failures—exceptional cases, such as, of course, cannot be looked for in the history of great events. But the greater and more exciting the event, the more it has been thought of, and talked over, and described, the more certain it is to undergo the process of alteration and exaggeration. A learned lawyer once informed me that he had occasion to study the records of a trial which

by some legal contingency had been gone over three times, at intervals of a year. The evidences of the witnesses, all on oath, and all of unimpeached probity, varied so far in each of the three trials in the way of exaggeration, that it was almost impossible to harmonize, on any hypothesis, their last depositions with the first; and, what was most remarkable, was the fact that each successive evidence of each witness grew more and more accurate and decided in proportion as it receded from the original recollection. The controversy about the site of the Holy Sepulchre is briefly this:—Golgotha was outside the walls of ancient Jerusalem; the church supposed to be raised over it is considerably within the walls of modern Jerusalem. If it be the true site, the line of walls must have been greatly changed. But this is not probable, seeing that the Pool of Hezekiah was inside the walls in ancient times, and is inside them still; and this pool being close *outside* the Holy Sepulchre, can hardly have been included in any circuit which should exclude the church. To all this it is answered that there was certainly a Temple of Venus, erected on the site originally honoured by Christians, and that the position of this temple must have been easily discoverable by Constantine, possessed as he was of the perfect surveys of the Roman government. Nay, he could not avoid seeing such evidence of the true site, without public scandal. The removal of the rubbish of the temple, the discovery of the sepulchre below, were events celebrated with great ostentation, and must have called attention to the imposture, if the documents in the Roman archives had been neglected, and the spot

arbitrarily selected to display an imaginary discovery.* I know not whether this argument—drawn from what the other side *would have said*, if wonders were fictitious—be very satisfactory. We do not often find it recorded in ancient story what "the other side" *did* say, when that other side was in the minority. If a Porphyry or a Celsus chanced to record his dissent in writing, was the writing very carefully preserved by the Church for our instruction, or committed to the flames?

The first Sunday after my arrival, the party with whom I had travelled up from Jaffa betook themselves to Bishop Gobat's church; and, with the aid of a strong stick of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, I managed to find my way by myself to the Holy Sepulchre. By a happy chance, it was a quiet time, the pilgrims having been drawn off to some ceremony elsewhere, and I was able to take in its impression as I would never have done on the other days I visited it, when it was crowded with wild, excited men and women of all nations, chattering many tongues, and pressing violently through every door to fulfil their allotted "stations." This day it was all silent and still. Passing in through the beautiful Gothic door, from the glaring sunshine and noisy market-place outside, the coolness, and calm, and darkness sent a feeling of solemn peace to one's heart. There is a sort of inner porch or hall, where the Moslem guard is placed, and then I entered the great circular temple beneath the dome. To my feelings this church is a very beautiful one; the lofty rounded arches

* *Greece under the Romans*, Appendix III.

which surround it, and which lead off into endless churches and altars and corridors; the rich and quaint decorations, on which the light from the dome falls softened through a vast veil stretched horizontally over the tomb; and, lastly, in the centre, the little marble building, yellow with age, and seeming like a temple in miniature, the Holy Sepulchre itself,—all this constitutes a scene equally novel and impressive. There are two chambers in this inner shrine, the first entered through a "low, small gate"—no unfit emblem of prayer—and within, another smaller still, having room only for the plain white marble altar-tomb, without sculpture or inscription, and place to kneel beside it. A monk was there, when I entered, at his devotions. He rose silently, and went out, leaving me alone.

It would be needless to attempt any accurate description of this church; its intricate plan requires to be studied with diagrams, for there are chambers everywhere, above and below, and at least five considerable churches open into it—the Greek (which is very large and splendid), the Latin, Copt, Maronite, and Nestorian. I could not but think how true a picture did the whole afford of the religions of the world, each *opening into* the true sanctuary of Divine Love, yet none being permitted to monopolize to itself that Holy of Holies.

Ascending some stairs out of one of the corridors, I reached the traditional site of Calvary. There is a double chapel here, or rather two small vaulted chambers parallel to one another. In one of them there is a golden ring in the floor, round the hole where the cross is supposed to have stood, and over it a very

frightful and discordant object, a painted figure cut out in card-board to represent the crucifixion. The literal observance of the Second Commandment by the Greeks has driven them to this miserable compromise between a picture and a statue. On a second visit I paid to this chamber, I remained a long time, seated quietly, watching the pilgrims, who performed their appointed "stations" at the different points marked out by the established order. It was a singular sight. I did not once trace anything resembling that awe which such a scene might naturally be supposed to produce in those whose whole religion might be said to have been centred there, who had no shadow of doubt as to whether they were on the actual site of the great mysterious event. They hurried through their genuflexions, scarcely looking around, save to identify the proper spot for each prayer, and went in and out with that rapid, excited manner and gabbling recitation, which so entirely distinguish, through the East, the prayers of Christians from those of the reverent and solemn Moslems. There seems to be something in the worship of a multiplicity of Divine Beings, Virgins, and Saints which effectually debars the mind from that awe and reverence which in any case is not a common attribute of humanity. The rule is almost without exception—the more objects of worship, the less reverent is the worship. Instead of being more impressed (as theoretically the Catholic or the Greek is assumed to be) by the celestial hierarchy of interceding saints through whom his prayers are to ascend to the highest Heaven, he is affected quite the other way: his whole

faculty of veneration is diffused, absorbed, and often well-nigh lost altogether. No Protestant nation ever uses the Divine name with the irreverence of the Catholic; and the Moslem creed, with its vast moral inferiority to Christianity, by this great doctrine of the Divine unity, has maintained among its disciples a feeling of solemnity unknown to all the churches around them. It were enough to compare the worship in the Mosque of Hassan at Cairo, for instance, with that in the Coptic Church in the same city, where, in the most holy adytum (forbidden to female feet) I saw the boys of the choir struggling with the young priest for a certain sacred cake, and leaping, laughing, and romping round the altar. The truth appears to be that awe is by no means a sentiment of easy growth in the minds of the uneducated. We are always inclined to imagine that by descending to the lower strata of society we shall find the ignorant, poor, and stupid ready to pay profound reverence first to their teachers and benefactors, and then to whomsoever above we may please to direct their religious sentiments; this is a delusion, however, which a very little experience either among half-civilized nations, or among our own "city Arabs," would soon dissipate. *Wonder*—not *Awe*—is the sentiment common to all uneducated minds. The gaze—half-curious, half-contemptuous, wherewith a herd of cows seems to regard a Maypole unaccountably erected in their field, is a very close parallel to that of the boys at a ragged school staring at the diagrams of a scientific lecturer, or a party of pilgrims following the guidance of a cicerone monk. Veneration is the last and highest,

rather than the first and commonest of human attributes.

After some days I was enabled to start on a long, solitary walk. Descending from the roof of the hotel, I found myself in Patriarch Street, on my way to the Jaffa Gate. But who shall describe to European imaginations a street in Jerusalem? Very narrow are they all, very dark, and with blind walls on either side, and flying arches to prevent one house falling against another. The pavement would make one remember the hideous idea of the grim old Calvinist, that "Hell is paved with the skulls of infants not a span long." A series of skulls set side by side, with every here and there a large one missing, and a hole in its place: such is the pavement of Jerusalem. In the centre of each street there is a gutter filled with orange peel, dead rats, and all unimaginable rubbish. To make one's way through such defiles (in all senses of the word) is no light matter. There are throngs of passengers,—Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Persians, and nondescripts beyond number. When a donkey is driven up it is perilous, a horse is worse, a camel all but destruction; the great beast walks grimly on, his ugly head seeming ready to bite everybody, the bales of goods on his back swaying from side to side so as almost to touch each wall of the street alternately. The hapless traveller hops aside, and tumbles against a venerable Nestorian, with a cap half a yard high, and leaving him in dismay, falls into a shop of holy soap, an article of which the sale in Jerusalem appears to be in the inverse ratio of the habitual use. Cries, curses, bargainings, in half a

dozen languages, are going on all around, and a good hearty quarrel every few yards. Such, alas! is the outward guise of the "City of Peace." Further information tends to show that the discord lies still deeper than the din of the streets. The Jews form three parties, so grievously divided as to occupy, at the time of my visit, the whole attention of their venerable rabbi, Abul Afia, in persuading them to a joint celebration of the Passover. The Moslem sects of Sunnites and Shiites meet here, in one of their five holy cities, to special conflicts; and every one of the least enlightened and most fanatical Christian Churches—Copts, Maronites, Nestorians, Greeks, and Latins—contend with such bitter animosity, that a guard of Turks sits always smoking and playing in the anteroom of the Holy Sepulchre, to prevent their coming—as they have often done—to blows and bloodshed in the very sanctuary itself. As my Piedmontese dragoman, a very devout Romanist, said to me, "Ah, signora, si chiama Gerusalemme la Città della Pace, ma da vero è la città della discordia."

There seem to be three conditions of religious feeling traceable through history: the heathen stage of indifferentism, when belief concerning the gods was supposed to be of small importance in this world, and of no sort of weight in determining man's destiny hereafter; next, the stage of the Jew and of the two great branches of Judaism—Christianity and Islam—wherein true belief in religious matters is supposed to be the sole passport to Divine favour here, and to escape from eternal perdition in another existence; lastly, the stage to-

wards which mankind is only beginning in a far-off way to approach, the stage when a true faith shall neither be deemed a matter of indifference nor yet the sole passport to heaven, but a great Divine boon, shared by the best and wisest only imperfectly, the highest of all blessings, the most solemn of all responsibilities.

The Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, like all the gates of eastern cities, contains within the deep porch chambers and divans where guards, and loungers, and travellers all pause to converse. The "Gate" is in the East what the club is in the West, so far as public gossip is concerned. To speak with one's "adversaries in the gate" must have been equivalent to the holding up of one's head in the club-house or 'change of a man's native town. Yet in these gateways, at the appointed hour of prayer, when the muezzin's voice pealed from the minaret, the cry—"La Allah Illah Allah, Mahomet Resoul Allah!"—I have often seen men spreading their carpets, and kneeling down, entirely regardless of the crowd around them, apparently altogether absorbed in their devotions. In this, as in so many other things, how wide is the difference between us and the nations of the south, nay, between us and all other nations! An Englishman would not merely shrink with horror from the idea of kneeling down and saying his prayers in a public thoroughfare, but of doing almost *anything* except talk and smoke, where he can be looked at. Place an English lady or gentleman on a balcony or seat of a public garden by themselves. Can he or she eat, or read, or sit idle *quite* composedly and happily? Not once in twenty times, unless he or she have lived many

a long year in freer lands, or chance to inherit some Celtic elements of character. The true English *insulaire* is more comfortable in the gloomiest little dining-room, with brown veils before the windows and area rails behind them, where he can be safe from the gaze of his fellow-creatures, than on the loveliest terrace in Europe, where somebody might chance to cast on him one of those inoffensive looks wherewith foreigners regard human beings in general.

Passing out at the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, and keeping the old crenelated wall of the city always to the left, I passed first by the dry Pool of Gihon, still traversed by the great aqueduct built by Solomon, which to this day supplies the town with water drawn from his pools, fifteen miles away. Above Gihon, on the barren rocky hill, is the large estate lately purchased and walled in by Sir Moses Montefiore. It contains, among other charitably-designed constructions, a large windmill for the use of the poorer Jews of the city. Inside the town, as I afterwards learned, are large schools and an excellent dispensary, supported by this beneficent gentleman, whose name is a tower of strength to his unfortunate countrymen. Having been favoured with some introductions from his family, the number of Jews who came to my hotel to inquire if I could give them any intelligence of their benefactor, was pleasing to witness.

After passing the Pool of Gihon, the path winds down into the Valley of Hinnon, following the sweep of the walls above, past the Field of Aceldamar, into the Valley of Jehosophat, one valley crossing and leading

into another. It was less dreary than I expected. The bottom of each narrow gorge is planted with olive-trees and almond and apricot-trees, all in blossom at the time of my visit. Here also, as everywhere, the wild flowers spring in myriads out of the dry ground, and rarely can a flower be otherwise than a thing to gladden the eyes and soften any scene or chamber, however bare or homely. One flower, however, I did see plucked hereabouts by a friend, on the mount called the "Hill of Evil Counsel," the most wicked-looking object imaginable,—large, creeping, black and yellow, with a sort of mouth and teeth, *uncanny* to contemplate! I never saw anything so uncomfortable in nature, except a certain frog, which once hopped over me as I sat on the banks of the Nile, suggesting the idea that his ancestor must have been the production of the Frankenstein magicians of Pharaoh.

Another sweep of the path, and the valley below opened out grandly over Nehemiah's Tomb, to the far-off chain of the Mountains of Gilead and Moab; and by-and-by I reached the Fountain of Siloam. It is a beautiful spot. Overhead the battlements of the walls of Jerusalem form the background; then there is a large upper pool where yet remains much curious stone-work; and below it another, whose central space is filled with verdant herbage and luxuriant fig-trees; while further down, the water runs into a great stone cistern, and then flows off to moisten the green fields of lettuces and herbs which replace the ancient gardens of Solomon. Beside the cistern stood a group of Syrian women, washing and drawing water, a bright and busy scene. Once

another group had stood there,—a group of Galilean peasants, and one they called "Master" among them. This is one of the sites concerning which no doubt can exist; here fancy may have its sanction from history, and wonderful it is when we first stand and say to ourselves, "Christ stood in this very place."

The Pool of Siloam, as all the world knows now, is an intermittent spring. In Jewish times it was believed that an "angel" stirred the waters. The Moslems think that a dragon lies hid under the hill; when he sleeps the waters stop, when he wakes they flow again. How clearly can we trace here the stages of the human mind! Doubtless, at first, to the earliest reasonings of men, *all* things were miraculous; an occult will ruled each phenomenon of nature, Auster or Boreas blew in every blast, a river-god poured every stream from his urn. Then came the next stage, when only the unusual and remarkable was miraculous,—a thunderstorm on Olympus or Sinai, the stony rain of Amalek, or this intermittent fount of Siloam. At last the usual and unusual, the ordinary course of nature and the most prodigious catastrophes, all take their place as the results of the same great order—changeless *because* it is the order of Him who "hath no variableness nor shadow of turning." When shall we learn to read history by the light of this simple lesson? and in the writings of men who lived near the first period expect to find everywhere that "theocratic pragmatism" which attributes every event directly to Divine agency? and in those of men who lived in the second period equally expect to find every unusual event and every extraordinary gift

of body or mind, attributed to the immediate interposition or inspiration of Deity? What an infinite weight of difficulties would be cleared away by the application of this very simple and obvious rule, "Judge men from their stand-point, not ours!" We should then perhaps hear the last of that thrice-stupid dilemma, "Either the wonder-workers of old, who averred that God empowered them, were truly all they affirmed or else impostors."

In *our* day if men make such claims they are indeed impostors—like Prince and Joseph Smith, though the line where enthusiasm merges into fanaticism, and fanaticism into conscious imposture, may be very hard for us to draw. But let any one read the chronicles of the days of Bede, or of Bernard, or of Clairvaux, and say whether men living in such an atmosphere of thought were necessarily either impostors or true historians in narrating their miraculous stories? Nay, it was surely the most devout and simple-hearted saint or hero who always attributed his achievements to divine aid. "God put those words in my mouth."—"God taught me to use that remedy."—"God strengthened my arm in the battle."—"Thus saith" (not I, but) "the Lord: Of what avail your sacrifices? Do justice and love mercy." Were these assertions of divine assistance *impostures?* Were they even *false,* judged by a philosophy which should include both primary and secondary causes? Not half so false, surely, as the histories which ignore that behind all human virtue and genius and valour and insight, behind all the phenomena of the visible universe, whether the growth of

the herb or the convulsions of the earthquake, there is always a greater cause—there is always God.

Beyond Siloam the "flowing," opens out gradually the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The belief that in this place the great final assize of the universe shall be held, has caused the Jews for ages to make immense efforts to be here interred. A whole hill-side is paved with their small, low tombs—mere narrow slabs of stone, graven with Hebrew characters, and level with the ground—a charnel mountain, awful to behold or traverse, whereon the "Triumph of Death" might fitly be written.

Near the dry and stony channel of Kedron, low down in the valley, stand the rock tombs of Zechariah, Absalom, and St. James. They are nearly perfect monoliths, cut out of the solid rock, which is hewn away behind them so as to make them stand out each like a huge *intaglio relevato*, from the face of the cliff. Their age is believed to be about that of the Christian era, the Ionic columns having manifestly no claim to the antiquity of Absalom and Zechariah. The good and clever Piedmontese, Abengo, whom I afterwards employed as dragoman, suggested to me the ingenious idea that the Pharisees were very probably engaged in the erection of this very tomb to the memory of Zechariah when Christ rebuked them: "Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets," &c.

Every reader must be familiar with the form of these sepulchres—the pyramid surmounting that of Zechariah, and the cone that of Absalom. I sat down opposite them to place some little memorial of them in my sketch-book, but it was not easy to do so. As I looked at them

my eyes filled often, for there came up before me, instead of the desolate Valley of Jehoshaphat and the lonely tombs and arid bed of Kedron, the beautiful prints in the old folio of Calmet's *Dictionary*, pored over on many a happy Sunday of childhood by the side of the parents who, even in that dear home three thousand miles away, I should never find again. Let us at least bless God, if we *have had* happy Sundays of childhood! They are good to look back upon from beside the graves wherewith the world is full for us in later life. Let us bless God above all earthly blessings, if in those Sundays of childhood a mother's soft arms were around us, and her sweet voice guided our lips to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." We may for evermore bear through the lonely paths of our earthly way the memory that we were loved *once* with all the fulness of a mother's love; and with that memory also shall we keep the faith that there must be somewhere in this great dim universe a Sun of love, infinite and eternal, whose reflected ray, shining on us long ago through our mother's eyes, has been enough to lighten all our night.

The bourne of my walk was near. A shapeless high wall, dressed roughly with mortar, and inclosing about a rood of ground, wherein is a sort of old English garden, with formal beds of stocks and roses; and among them, as apple trees or pears might grow with us, seven or eight very aged and failing olive-trees. This is Gethsemane.

The monk who usually guards the garden was absent, and the trellised door locked; not a living creature was in sight. I rather rejoiced that so it should be; and

willingly deferring the entry into the garden till another day, I climbed the hill above, to the ruined oil-press which commands the whole spot, and on the opposite hill, the walls of Jerusalem, crowned by the Mosque of Omar. The court of the little building was overgrown with terebinths or ilexes, I know not which, and the ground was covered with the beautiful deep-red anemones which are called the "Tears of Christ." It was very wonderful to sit there quite alone, and I know not how the time went by. The solitude was so complete, it was hard to believe that within those walls, not many hundred yards away, lay a city of living men.

Gethsemane seems to be to most minds the holiest spot on all the earth—far more so than Bethlehem, more so than Calvary itself. The reason is, perhaps, not far to seek. The story of the Agony is one that belongs to the life, not of Christ alone, but of all the millions of souls who have passed into His Father's kingdom. All men have not their Calvary—it pleases God to make the bitter cup pass from many lips ere they drink it to the dregs; but all deep and true lives have a Gethsemane—a time when a man must decide to do the right, even when all hope of happiness, all usefulness for his brothers—nay, perhaps, all faith in his work in the world, seems sacrificed thereby.

In the *Krito* there is a story affording one of the many strange parallels—half similarity, half contrast—between the life of the sage of Athens and the great Prophet of Nazareth. To Socrates, as to Christ, it would seem that death was a free choice. Krito, the loving disciple, is represented as entering before dawn

the prison where the Master lay sleeping, and calmly smiling in his sleep at his own dream of the celestial form descending to promise him that "in three days he should be in the fertile Phthia." Krito implores his Master to escape while it was yet time from the iniquitous sentence which that day should see executed. The jailers are bribed, the doors are open; he has but to walk forth and embark, followed by his children and his friends, and live evermore safe and honoured in beautiful Thessaly. Calmly and smilingly, yet most peremptorily, the Master answered, "No!" The struggle of his soul—if struggle there had been—was unbeheld and unsuspected by mortal eyes, over long ago, perhaps in the days of the Tyrants or the Plague. We do not see, we do not even imagine, in Socrates, the yet quivering virtue, achieving, with tears of blood, its hard-fought victory. He is only revealed to us as the grand and calm old hero-sage, who can afford to smile as he strokes the limbs scarred by the fetters, and caresses the beautiful long locks of Agathos, which he knows will be soon shorn in mourning for his memory. We admire, we revere, in a certain sense we love him; but not the "divine Plato's" pen could make the prison of Socrates what the simple Matthew has made Gethsemane to the human heart for ever. He has made us witnesses to that mortal *struggle* which appeals to the deepest sympathies of *our* struggling souls.

There is a subterranean grotto a little way from the Garden of Gethsemane, which tradition has called the "scene of the visit of the angel." Beyond this is the tomb of the Virgin, whose wall is faced with Gothic

arches of the Crusaders' times. Neither on the occasion of this walk, nor of a subsequent visit, was there any one near the tomb, nor any means of entering it. Considering the thousands of pilgrims of the Greek and Latin Churches who were at the time thronging Jerusalem and the road to Jordan, and remembering the rank which the Madonna or Panagia holds in their creeds, such omission of all honour to her grave seemed not a little singular. The site is not more or less questionable than most of the others to which they pay devotions.

The path from Gethsemane and the Virgin's tomb leads up the hill to the Gate of Jerusalem called that of St. Stephen. Half way up, a few hundred yards from the walls, it crosses another path, and here is the scene of the martyrdom. It has sometimes appeared to me that the horror of such a mode of death as stoning, and the sublimity of virtue which could endure it in the spirit of St. Stephen, has been hardly sufficiently recognised. That brief passage in many a sanguinary page of Jewish story—"They stoned him with stones and he died,"—what does it mean? It must be hard enough for a condemned criminal to stand waiting for speedy execution, and to see beside him, calm and unmoved, the headsman or hangman, who in another moment will take his life; but what must it be to a man to see glaring around, in his death agony, twenty or fifty executioners, each eagerly casting at him the rude, cruel missiles, which fall, crushing and tearing his defenceless limbs till his frame is only one mangled mass of flesh and gore, and one stone more blinds him to those eyes of hate, and another deafens him to those

yelling voices, and he lies prostrate in the dust, struck yet and yet again, till nought of humanity remains, only a pile of blood-stained stones, and a red stream trickling slowly from beneath them! This was the death of Stephen. And as he bore it he prayed—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" Small marvel was it if he who stood near—guarding the murderers' garments, and watching that scene in which the new faith found so sublime, so complete a revelation—should have borne away thence thoughts and feelings which blazed out ere long on the road to Damascus, and made of Saul the Persecutor, Paul the Apostle of the Nations. Standing over the glorious hills and waters of Smyrna, or in our own sordid English Smithfield, or amid the soft laurels and flowers of the garden at Geneva, I have thought how Polycarp and Latimer had fought for all their race a nobler fight than Marathon or Thermopylæ. But standing beside the place of Stephen's martyrdom, it seemed as if here, before me, on this very spot of dusty ground for a scaffold, and with the huge rough stones lying all around for instruments, the faith of Christendom had been won—"The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church." But Stephen first taught men how that seed might be sown.

Re-entering within the walls of Jerusalem, through St. Stephen's Gate, I tried to identify, among the heaps of ruined buildings around, the house called that of Pilate, and the "Ecce Homo" arch. By-and-by, pursuing my way, led on from one object to another, I found myself entangled in a labyrinth of gloomy and

filthy streets, thronged with men and women of twenty different nations, among whom the perpetual jarring and squabbling of Jerusalem were going forward. No one molested me; but it became eventually rather fatiguing to wander on and on, or round and round, for all I could tell, in nightmare-fashion, without an idea as to the direction I was taking. Among all the languages spoken around me, there was not one of which I knew enough to ask my way, and after my long walk I was growing weary in brain and limbs. Suddenly, among the jostling crowd, I observed a man in half-European dress, with those good, pleasant, albeit homely features one learns to associate with the German race. To him accordingly I made the best of my way, and having uttered the shibboleth, "Ich bitte," was delighted to find myself understood, and my feet soon guided in the direction of the "European hotel, commanding a view of the Mount of Olives," as it is invariably advertised. How queer and startling, and somewhat shocking, are all the associations of such places, Mr. Trollope has very admirably described. Having had the pleasure of sharing with him the *table-d'hôte,* and many a good laugh at the scenes there enacted, I can witness how true to life are the ridiculous cross-purposes in the *Bertrams*, wherein are jumbled together, in the running fire of common table-talk, all the most solemn names in the world, and the most trivial details of each day's excursion. The Via Dolorosa—and troubles with donkey-boys, the Valley of Jehoshaphat —and the necessity for parasols, the cave of Jeremiah's lamentations—and the nuisance of backsheesh: all these,

and many more sacred names, are inevitably mixed up in the animated talk of the American and English travellers; while, amidst biblical and theological disquisitions, rises over all continually the wail of hungry and dissatisfied pilgrims over the muddy wine of Bethlehem and the atrocious olive-oil of Palestine, wherewith every dish is drenched and rendered disgusting. Life is a continual jostling of the sublime and the ridiculous; but never do they rub much more closely together than at Christian Hauser's *table-d'hôte* in Jerusalem.

Of my remaining walks about Jerusalem little need be said. My kind Jewish physician, at my request, agreed to conduct me, and a clergyman at the hotel, who was anxious to share the adventure, into the precincts of the Mosque of Omar. It was rather a dangerous attempt; for at that moment the Moslem population were in an unusually excited state, and ingress to any part of the building was strictly forbidden to both Jews and Christians. We managed, however, to glide unseen through the outer gate, cross an angle of the vast inclosure, formerly the Court of the Gentiles, and climb up to the roof of a house on the opposite side, where Dr. F—— had friends, and where we could obtain a very fair view of the whole site of the ancient Temple. The green inclosure of the Court of the Gentiles was pleasant to the eye. White tombs of departed sheiks alternate with lofty cypresses, and through the whole space devotees were kneeling in all the varied costumes of the East. To the two great sects of Moslems, as to Christians, Jerusalem is a holy city—one of the four places of pilgrimage whose visita-

tion is supposed to conduce to salvation, as well as in this world to the acquirement of the honourable title of "hajji" (pilgrim). It is, therefore, the most devout—perhaps we might say fanatical—of the disciples of Islam who are gathered here from all their countries. For the mosque itself—a vast circular, or rather pologonal, building, surmounted by a great dome, and standing in the inclosure over the site of the "Holy of Holies"—much question might, I supposed, be raised as to any claim to architectural merit. The prevailing green colour of the whole affects the eye strangely and not imposingly. To me, individually, the mosque seemed on the whole pleasing, and in fine proportion of dome and basement; but not grand or in any way sublime, as its vast dimensions might have warranted the anticipation. As we descended from our *gazebo* on the roof, where we had been peeping through the open bricks of the parapet, some of the pilgrims in the inclosure caught sight of us, and set up a hue and cry. In a moment a mob were after us, throwing stones in a fashion which, having already experienced at Emmaus (receiving a sharp blow on the elbow), I was not anxious to enjoy a second time. Out of the gate, and down two or three sharp turns, our guide led us quickly, and we were lucky enough to dodge our pursuers.

Since writing the above, I have been informed by an officer who accompanied the Prince of Wales in his late visit to the Mosque of Omar, that the unaccountable green colour pervading the whole mosque is caused by painted tiles. The interior contains simply the railed-in summit of Mount Moriah—the bare rock on which

the sacrifice of Abraham is alleged to have been prepared. The mosque is, in fact, nothing more than a vast permanent tent pitched over this sacred spot, on which no foot is allowed to tread, although the faithful are permitted to touch it with their hands through an opening left for the purpose.

By-and-by, when our enemies had gone back to their devotions, we returned to the outside of the Temple, and visited the Jews' Weeping Place, under the wall where the fine large stones of Solomon's Temple still remain standing to a great height, and for a very considerable distance. Very fine stones they are, and handsomely "rabbited" at the edges—though not nearly so large as others I afterwards saw in the walls of Baalbec. The remains of the great bridge, which once stretched across the ravine of Mount Zion, and connected the Temple with the Palace of the Kings of Judah, are still to be seen, and contain stones eighteen feet in length. From among them I gathered some of the "hyssop on the wall," growing now, even as when Solomon ended his "Circle of the Sciences," with the humble little herb.

On another occasion I visited the Jew quarter of the town, which is no *Ghetto*, nor any way more sordid than the rest. The Jewish population has increased in a most astounding manner—nearly twentyfold—in the last half century. As there is no natural growth of population in Jerusalem—the air and habits of the people being so injurious to infant life that it is said two children alone survive out of every five who are born—this astonishing multiplication must of course result from immigration. I inquired from a gentleman resi-

dent in Jerusalem, and likely to be peculiarly well-informed on the subject, whether such a phenomenon might be attributed to an increasing interest felt by the people generally in their national hopes of restoration. He believed it had no such origin, but that the rich and generous Jews of Europe habitually subscribing largely for "the poor Jews at Jerusalem," had led multitudes of the most worthless class to flock thither on the principle of the eagles and the carcass. No doubt the diffusion of information on the subject will soon direct the noble liberality of the English and German Jews in a better channel. Of course, beside these new comers, there is a body of Jews who have remained for ages in the city of their fathers, and who are deserving of all interest and respect. Some of them are, physically, very remarkable people—the Jewish type in a particularly fine development. One poor woman among them, to whom I spoke as she stood at her door holding her baby in her arms, might have made as sweet a Madonna as Raphael ever painted. There was an indescribable mixture of innocence and dignity in her face.

The Jews, at the time of my visit, were building a new synagogue, which promised to be large and lofty. The two old ones which I entered are singular erections. In the centre of each there are great raised pews for the use of the officiating rabbin and choir. These pews, or pulpits, are of wood, all painted over, in a somewhat Chinese style, with views of houses and trees, jarring curiously with our ideas of the ornaments of a religious edifice. In one of these synagogues it is said Elijah not long ago appeared, to the great consolation of his afflicted

countrymen. Here also is a very singular vault, wherein are deposited all the worn-out leaves of sacred books, thus carefully preserved from desecration. At stated periods this charnel of books is opened, and the papers all taken out and carefully and religiously buried.

After I had visited these and the other spots of chief interest in Jerusalem, I made a long excursion with the party of English and Americans with whom I had travelled from Jaffa, to Hebron, Bethlehem, Marsaba, the Dead Sea, Jordan, and so back to Jerusalem by Jericho, the Mountains of the Temptation, and Bethany. Part of this journey has been already narrated in a previous article—"A Day at the Dead Sea." A very pleasant journey it was; and when my fellow-travellers on the last night of our sojourn together in tents, passed, among votes of mutual regrets and thanks, one especially concerning my "unvarying hilarity" during the trials of the wilderness, I could only reply I had found no trials among such great interests and with such kind and obliging companions. All things, however, must come to an end; and on our return to Jerusalem, I decided to leave the rest of the party to pursue the journey to Nazareth, while I returned alone to Jaffa. With the help of Dr. F——, I soon found an excellent and trustworthy dragoman, the Piedmontese Giovanni B. Abengo, formerly an interpreter in the French army of Algiers. After one more day (this time on horseback) all round Jerusalem and up the Mount of Olives, and then one visit more to the Holy Sepulchre, I prepared for departure. My last dinner at the *table-d'hôte* was somewhat troubled by the presence of a gentleman who

had just ridden up from Jaffa. He averred that the accounts of the disturbed state of the country were true—that the great Arab chief, Aboo Goosh, was in the field with fifteen hundred followers, scouring the district, and seeking to attack another robber chief with about equal forces. There was no attempt to put the disturbance down, the Turkish government being utterly supine on such occasions. My informant himself—a good, hearty English sportsman—had been told he could not venture to come up to Jerusalem with a less guard than a khawass and five well-armed men, and, accordingly, he had ridden to the door of the hotel with that respectable *suite*. Alas! for an "unprotected female," who had not even a lady's-maid for the same journey! I made up my mind, according to arguments nearly connected with my purse, that a khawass and five guards were superfluous luxuries, and that *kismet* (destiny) must take care of me, with the help of Abengo and the muleteer. For the rest of the dinner I could enjoy the news of a change of ministry in England, and who had "got" this, and who was "out" of that, and how long "we" would stop "in" now we had entered on the glories of office. It was sufficiently confusing, amidst arrangements making all round the table for rides to the grave of Lazarus.

A cold and drizzling dawn, and Abengo and the muleteer looking wretched, and our horses in a state of deep dejection, shaking the rain from their ears, and protesting sensibly against the practice of early rising—such was my little *cortége* riding out of the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem. Pausing on the summit of the hill,

whence the first and last views of Zion are obtained, I turned round, and gave a long, lingering gaze to the Holy City—the City of Peace, whence indeed hath come a "sword" into the world, and where discord has made its dwelling-place—yet, within whose walls the Religion of Peace had its fountain.

As we pursued our way, we passed the site of the City of Colonia, and then the brook out of whose stones tradition asserts that David chose the pebble wherewith he slew Goliath. I begged Abengo to dismount and place one or two in the pockets of my saddle, in case we might meet with Aboo Goosh, who seems quite as terrible as a Philistine; but my good dragoman looked rather dissatisfied at the suggestion. By-and-by, in a valley, which I believe is that of Emmaus, we came to the robber chief's own village, over which his castle frowns on a lofty eminence, precisely like those of the old Barons and Counts on the Rhine. Abengo, who had the honour of personal acquaintance with the great bandit, informed me that the whole system of life of such chiefs is purely feudal. He lives in a huge castle, inaccessible save to cannon, which of course could hardly be conveyed over the mountains, even if there were any government disposed to attempt the attack. "Il Governo, Signora," said Abengo. "Dove sia il governo, quî?" Aboo Goosh's territory includes some twenty square miles of half-cultivated land—quite a respectable kingdom compared to those of the little "Melks" of Joshua's time, who on an average had about seven square miles of dominion apiece. When a great scheik like Aboo Goosh dies, the surviving male

relative best qualified to sustain the power of the clan, succeeds to the chiefdom. The personal wealth of the late scheik is, however, so far divided as to leave none of his sons quite impoverished. I suppose if any trifling treasure be needed to make up a young gentleman's suitable provision, the thing is arranged easily by stopping and robbing a traveller or two—or may be a caravan!

It was at this peaceful village I had been stoned so savagely on my way to Jerusalem, because I had not waited an interminable time for some messengers sent to fetch water for my sprained ankle, and the remaining society of the place supposed that I desired to defraud them of backsheesh. On my return, however, I passed through safely; and by-and-by, with less fatigue than I expected, I found myself at the half-way *tree* between Jerusalem and Ramleh. Here there are always large parties of pilgrims and boys who fetch water for everybody and beast, and under the finest of the great olive trees an Arab holds a coffee and narghilè shop. Seated on a mat on the ground, and drinking the horrid Eastern coffee in the usual little egg-cup, containing a spoonful of hot water at the top, and a spoonful of coffee bolus at the bottom, I turned a favourable ear to the advice of Abengo that I should seek restoration and consolation in a narghilè. Very delicious it was—the first I had ever tasted—and in full spirits I mounted to go on through the more dangerous parts of our journey. Presently we were in the long, narrow valley of Ajalon. The vegetation, which had been scanty higher up, was here rich and full. Dwarf ilexes were numerous, and

a shrub which, out of flower, resembled a rhododendron; and myrtle, and the true *Planta genista* in abundance. Among the wild flowers I gathered one of the arum kind, as large as our pretty Nile lilies. But this flower of Ajalon, instead of the white rolling petal and yellow pistil, was completely black—the petal a purple black, the pistil a sooty black. Perhaps the flower may be well known to florists, but I never chanced to see it elsewhere, except in the great horticultural garden of Padua, where it is called the *Arum Dracunculus*. It is certainly the Black Flower *par eminence*. Had it pleased the Creator of the world to make such gloomy flowers as this the ordinary blossoms of the ground, and not the most rare exceptions, it might not be so curious to see those who profess to be peculiarly religious habitually prefer sombre and ugly raiment and furniture, or consider that a black coat, or gown, or veil were peculiarly suitable for the expounders of God's lessons, or the imitators of his beneficence.

Where the bushes were thickest upon the hills of Ajalon, Abengo showed me a place where he had once seen a panther. Such animals, however, are extremely rare in Palestine: the jackals and hyenas, which we used to hear barking and roaring round our tents in the desert, are also rare in these more trodden paths.

As we travelled on we passed, from time to time, many bands of armed men and companies of young lads going to join the war which was raging a few miles off. They did not trouble us; but, of course, there was reason to have some apprehension, in case, by evil chance, either of the armies should cross our path, or perhaps

some *stampede* carry us into the flood. One group passed close to my horse, carrying away from the battle a poor young man terribly wounded in the breast. We began to fear we were near the scene of struggle, and the men to whom Abengo spoke seemed to indicate that it was somewhere only a little to the south.

Presently a most absurd *cortége* of a very different character met my eye. There was a khawass and a band of guards, and then came a poor mule picking his way through the steep and narrow path, laden with two great panniers, inevitably banging frequently against the rocks on either side. In one of these panniers was packed, *not* a sack of corn, but a fat and very cross-looking German countess, and in the opposite pannier her unhappy *dame de compagnie*, equally fat, and apparently equally miserable. Each of these ladies wore a very small and fashionable French bonnet set well back on the head, so that the Syrian sun, which by this time had dissipated all fogs, and was shining in noonday splendour, was pouring down on their defenceless heads, their hands being too much occupied with the panniers to permit of parasols. These two large, round, red faces looking so frightened and so cross, peering over those most undignified conveyances, were irresistibly ludicrous. The sufferings of the unfortunate lady and her attendant, during the nine or ten hours of their journey to Jerusalem, must have been something frightful; and what degree of "sleep" their feet must have endured at the bottom of their baskets it is hard to guess. I should certainly counsel any lady intending to visit Palestine to acquire, at least, the power of sitting on a side-

saddle before she leaves herself to such a resource. In the same party with the countess I met a very agreeable German gentleman, and also an Englishman I had known at Cairo, and who gave me news of the friends I had left in that city. One must have felt the solitude of these deserts, and have been riding alone, pondering on the "sun standing still and the moon staying," to know how curious it is to be hailed joyously by one's name by a friendly voice in the valley of Ajalon.

"Now we have passed that tree," said Abengo, "we are out of Aboo Goosh's territory. This is the most dangerous part of the road for the next hour's march." The good fellow quietly took his carbine and placed it in front of his saddle, and, asking me to preserve silence, rode quietly in front. I followed him for a time at foot-pace, the path being too bad for swifter locomotion; and, of course, it was impossible not to look rather curiously at the larger bushes and trees and rocks on either hand, behind which it was probable some human panthers might be lurking for a spring. Why it was *more* dangerous here than in Aboo Goosh's territory it was not easy to discover, since close to that respected cateran's own village we were showed a tree, marking the spot where he himself had assisted at the process of relieving the proper officers of the tribute of Jerusalem which they were bearing to the Sultan; and many minor exploits were adduced to testify that such a proceeding was quite in the natural order of things for Aboo Goosh.

No adventure occurred; and after an hour or two the embargo on our tongues was taken off, and I could make Abengo proceed in his most curious narratives of sojourn-

ings among wild tribes in Africa, and details of Syrian domestic life.

After a good canter over the plain, we reached Ramleh by four o'clock, and I was welcomed heartily at the monastery by the good Franciscan lay-brother with whom I had *fraternized* on my former journey. I should have the best room all to myself (such a *best* room as it was!), and there was some Cyprus wine lately arrived, and he would kill a fowl directly, and I should have the best of salads, and might Abengo dine at my table? and had I liked Jerusalem? and—O Cielo!—had I bathed in the Mare Morto?

Before dawn next morning we were stirring again, and shaking hands with the kind young monk, on whom the bestowal of a little *eau de Cologne* for his headaches, and a moderate backsheesh, seemed to produce much pleasant surprise. As we rode out of the little town a very striking Eastern scene presented itself. A newly-built Moslem sepulchre was surmounted by two candles, faintly glimmering through the morning twilight, and thitherwards were wending slowly and mournfully four or five veiled women, literally "coming at break of day to the sepulchre to weep there." I paused to watch them at a distance, and saw them station themselves round the tomb, and then commence the wild, sad cries which, as Abengo told me, contained recitals of all the benefits they had received from the deceased. It was an affecting scene—the lonely burial-ground, the cold, grey dawn, and the white-veiled women weeping, bending over the tomb, their wailing voices rising and falling in the utter stillness of daybreak.

After a time our path entered the plain of Sharon: the sun rose brightly over the wide expanse from Carmel on the north to Ashkelon on the south. We galloped on for a few hours over the flowery fields where the tulip and the dwarf lily replaced the red anemones which had coloured whole roods of ground on my upward journey, and by and by we entered the delicious gardens around Jaffa, of almond and apricot and giant orange-trees as large and luxuriant as English laurels. The ship that was to carry me to Beyrouth was not yet visible when I reached Joppa; so, after climbing up the dirty little streets of the steep conical hill on which the town is built, and depositing my goods with the Jew innkeeper, I had time to stroll down to the shore for a bath. A little way off are the low black rocks on which Pliny avers that Andromeda was chained ere Perseus came to her rescue—the iron staple by which she was fastened still remaining in his day—proof positive of the veracity of the story, and the value of relics:

> . . . Dans son histoire
> Pline le dit. Il faut le croîre.

I was soon swimming in the bright blue waves all round among these same rocks, and infinitely enjoyed my bath, but I cannot say I discovered any traces of the staple. What a pretty legend it is! a sort of foretaste of chivalry. Perseus might have belonged to a poem of Spenser or Tasso. The sea-monster is not so pleasing a personage. Some recent critics have surmised that he was related to the whale which threw up Jonah near the same spot, and also to poor unhappy old Dagon or Oannes the Fish:

> Thrice battered god of Palestine,

who was worshipped hereabouts by the Philistines. A residue of the same Philistines must, I imagine, remain still in Joppa. There is a race observable quite different from the other inhabitants of Syria, with flatter and rounder faces, and straight, instead of hooked noses, also with magnificently broad and powerful shoulders. Goliath's town was only a day's journey away!

After my swim I was able to gather a good many pretty shells on the sands, a number of curious girls and women coming round and good-naturedly helping me to collect them—cones, and tellinas, and cowries, and, above all, the pilgrim's cockle-shell, which I was vain enough to place in my hat and wear for many a day afterwards, wishing that I might (like the Crusaders) augment therewith my coat of arms.

Returning to the hotel I received a whole package of letters, recommended the excellent Abengo to a party of American travellers, and after lunch climbed up to the roof of the house to watch for the arrival of the steamer. I knew the way well, for my bedroom, on my first visit, had been under the ladder to this roof, and I had found great interest in mounting to it the first thing in the morning. A strange bedroom it was for a "lady's bower," a chamber with no furniture whatsoever, except a dreadful bed of hard cotton, overhung by a row of pistols and tobacco-bags belonging to the rightful proprietor, the Jew master of the hotel. In one corner there was a huge deal box serving the purpose of toilet-table and washing-stand; but such a luxury could not be long spared to a too-favoured dame. At three next morning I was awakened from such slumbers as my hard couch and two unglazed windows, of a cold night,

permitted, to allow this box to be taken away to Jerusalem! In the morning I found a small tin case nailed to the door-post, and on opening it discovered a slip of parchment, a true *Phylactery*, covered with Hebrew characters, which a scholar in the party translated as a prayer.

Passing by my old quarters on my second visit I went at once out upon the roof of the house. These "house-tops" of Syria are fitly suited for the solitary devotions to which they are commonly dedicated. They occupy the whole surface of the house below, the inequalities of the arched chambers being filled up, and a level space left open, round which runs a parapet four or five feet high, pierced with holes formed by the cylindrical-shaped bricks of which they are built. These holes admit a continual current of air, and, being arranged in pretty Eastern patterns, have a quaint and pleasing effect. Sitting on the mats left usually on these roofs, the solitude on any of the more elevated houses is quite complete, and such as we never obtain in the open air in our towns. The Tanner's House at Joppa, still existing, was of this kind, and a more suitable place for a solitary vision could not be conceived. A hundred yards or so distant from it was the roof on which I now stood to take my last look at Palestine. On the one side was the bright blue Levant breaking upon the rocks. The fresh smell of the sea-wind, redolent of home memories, came to me from the shore, with the soft sound of the waters kissing the long reach of yellow sands stretching far as the eye could reach to Askalon and Gaza. Inland, beyond the little walled knoll of Joppa, came first the rich green orange-gardens, among which I could discern a lake, and a palm-tree

hanging over it, so rich and dreamy in colouring it seemed hardly real. Then came the olive-woods, and the fig-trees, and the masses of pink and white almond and apricot blossoms among them; and, then, beyond, the plain of Sharon and the wild mountains of Judæa stretching far away up to Carmel on the northern shore. It was a beautiful land, worthy, as I thought, to be the HOLY LAND—the land from whose flowery vales the soul of man had so early soared up to God—the land whereon His Spirit had so often descended to illumine the hearts of prophet and apostle. Is not each spot, where a man's soul has climbed the angel's ladder of true prayer, "the house of God and gate of heaven"? Is not every country where the good have lived, the wise spoken, and the devoted died, a Holy Land for evermore? What is, then, that Syrian earth where first breathed David's psalms, and burst Isaiah's prophecy, and on whose vales and hills closed the dying eyes of Christ?

I could not but be thankful that I had trodden those flowery plains, and climbed those rocky hills, and crossed that desolate wilderness of the Dead Sea shore, and stood under the olive-trees of Gethsemane. It was a great thing in a lifetime to have been able to do so; and as I saw on the far southern horizon the faint cloud of smoke which warned me my hours in Palestine were numbered, I looked once more from the housetop over garden and plain and wild Judæn hills, and thanked God I had seen the HOLY LAND!

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